

CHASING THE BLUES



U

BY

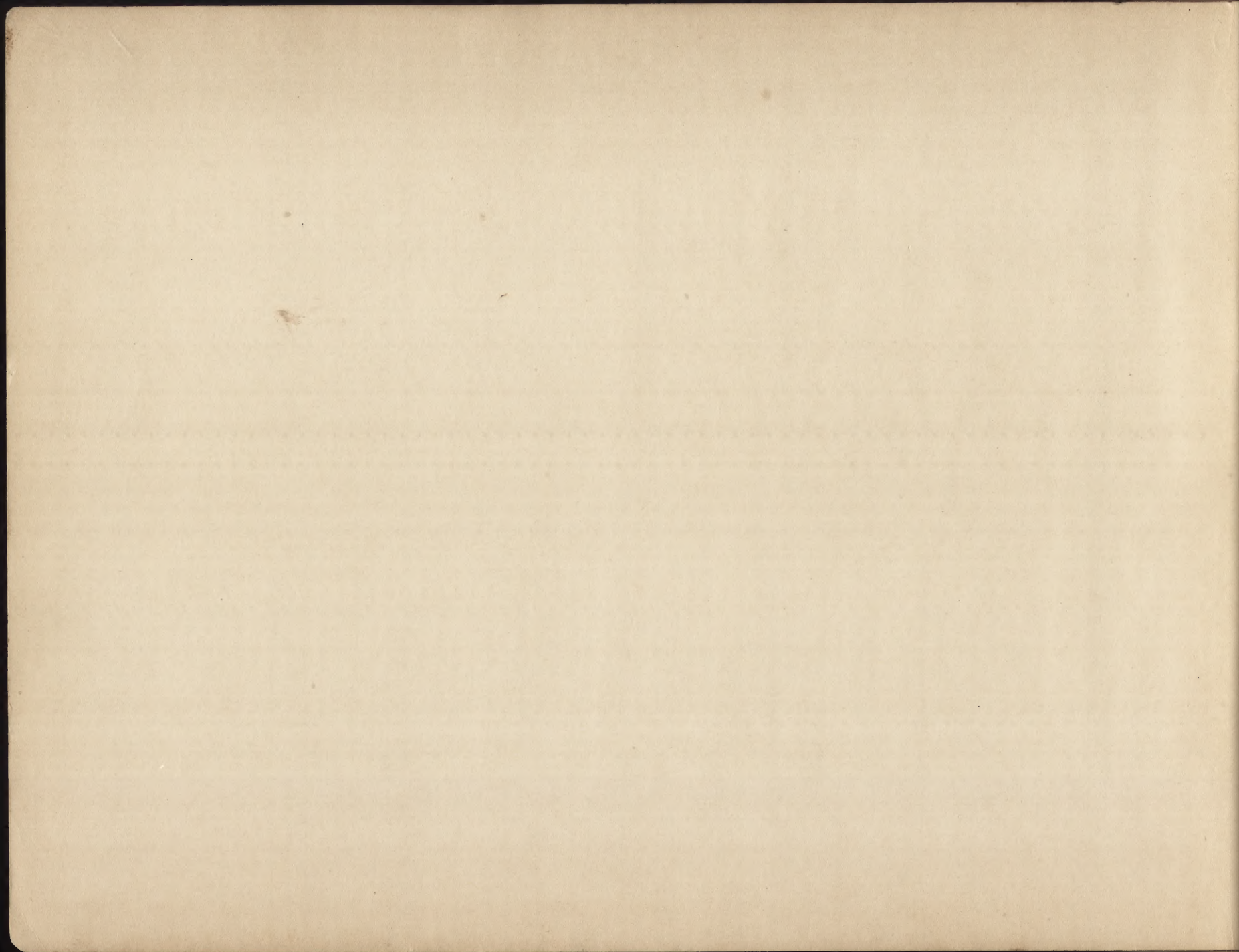
R. L. GOLDBERG.

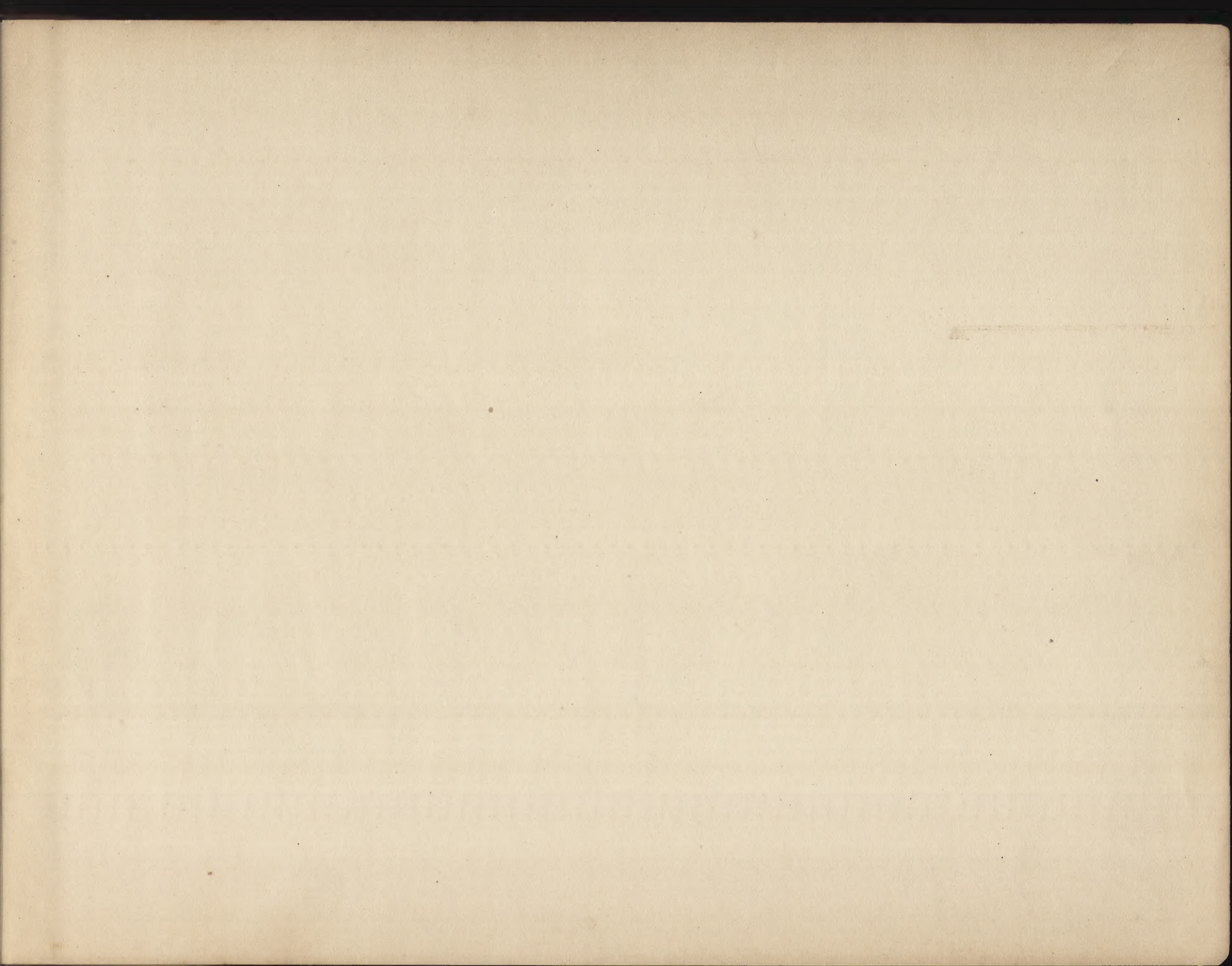


With sincere good wishes
to Malcolm Douglas

R. G. GARDNER

Sept / 1913





THE BLUE
CHASING

of Robinson

DOUBLEDAY PAGE & COMPANY
GARDEN CITY, N.Y. 11530
1912

CHASING THE BLUES



THE
GROUCH
HAWK

BY
R. J. GOLDBERG

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
1912

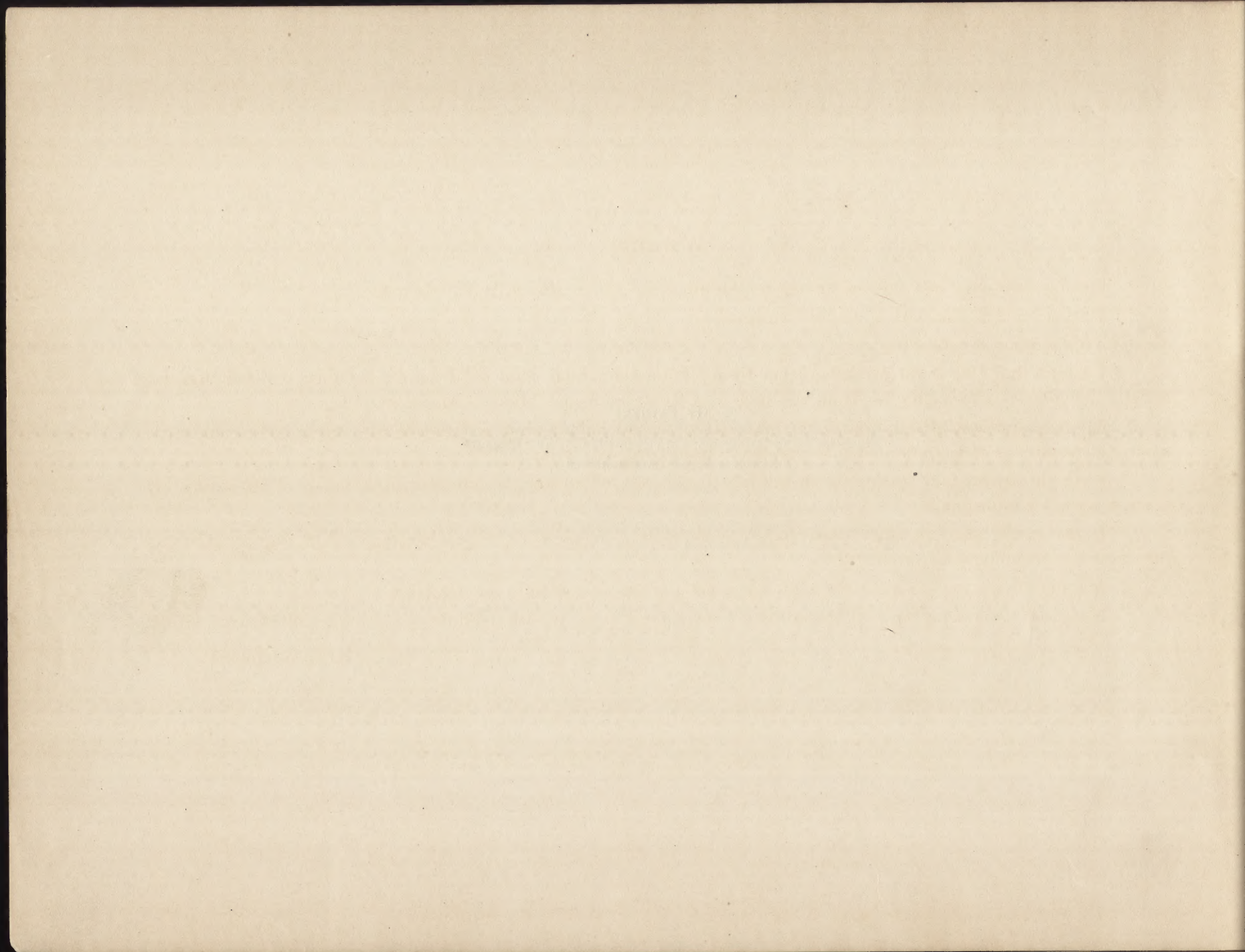
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TO MY FATHER:

Whose love and indulgence are responsible for any measure
of success I may have achieved.



Warning!

Let me stop you just a moment before plunging into the depths of this little book.

I must burden you with a terrible confession.

This is not a work of art!

I admit that this truth prevails rather from circumstance than choice. I have long since realized that my artistic deficiencies remove me far from the sphere of Rembrandt and Michael Angelo.

My ever-present realization of the material virtues of kidney stew and gorgonzola cheese has permanently destroyed whatever of the ethereal that may have been born within me.

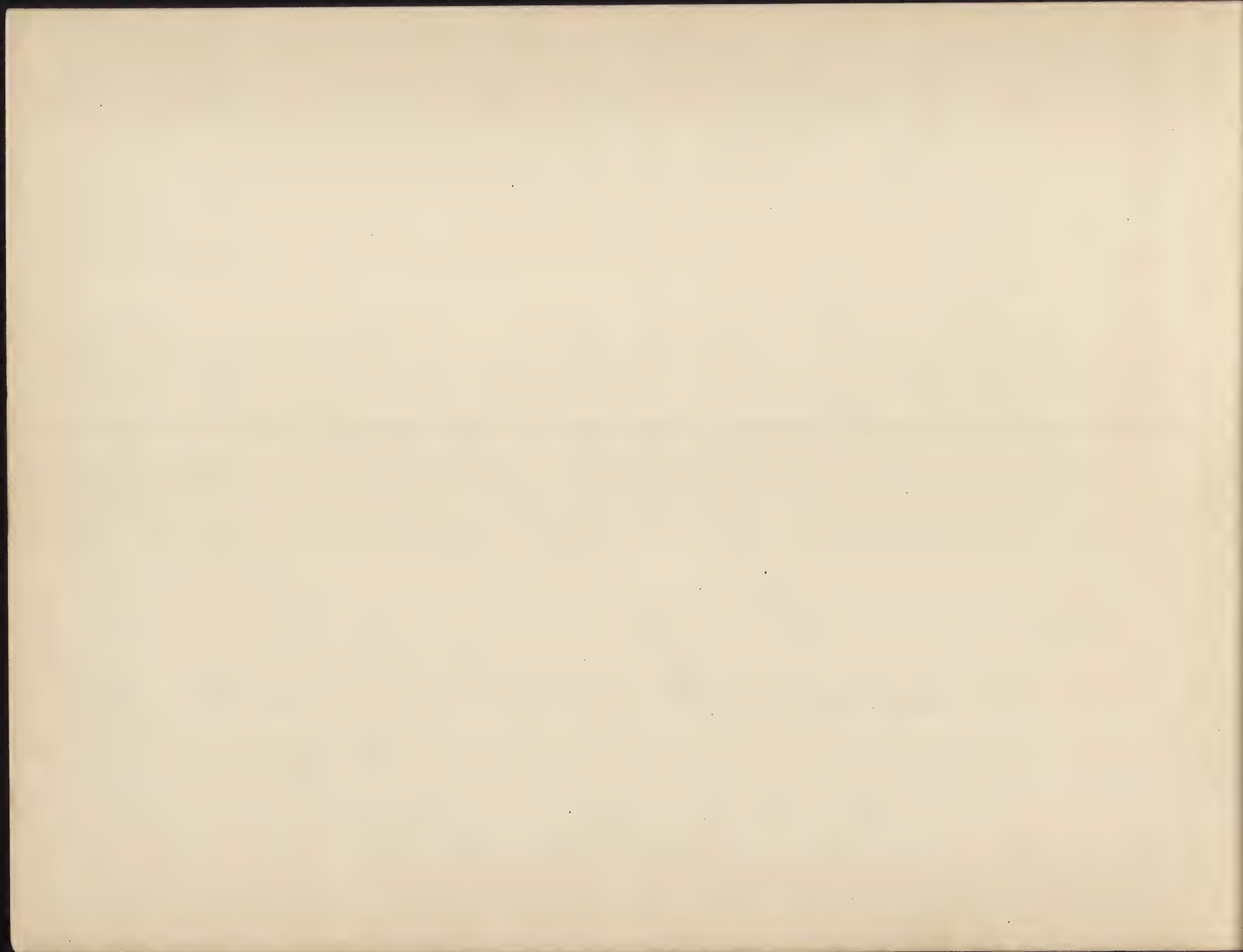
With this awful fact staring me in the face I have set for myself the not-unpleasant task of drowning my tears in a sea of foolishness.

If, as you glance through these pages, a smile flits across your face, a base-hit will be registered on my subconscious scoreboard of satisfaction.

A touch of art may nourish the soul, but a good laugh always aids the digestion.

Now that we are pretty well acquainted, I feel that it is fairly safe to allow you to brave the hazards within.

R. L. GOLDBERG



Variola Dustpan Exposes Secrets of the Daffy Banker

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW BY MISS DUSTPAN PROVES THAT JOSEPH I. ROBBING BREATHES REAL AIR AND TALKS LIKE A HUMAN BEING — ZBYSZKO AND JACK JOHNSON AROUSE HIS ADMIRATION.

“Love — mercy — prunes, altruism, embalming fluid, hysterics, and beauty.”

THESE are the secrets of life according to Joseph I. Robbing, the handsome financier, who precipitated the depositors of the Southern Bank of New York into the ocean of despair.

This morning I succeeded in getting the first interview Mr. Robbing has given out since he was last interviewed.

“I see you are here,” he said looking at me with his eyes as he ushered me into his handsomely furnished library.

I looked about me in delirious wonderment. As my gaze wandered toward the floor I discovered there a carpet. Yes, a real, regular, the-kind-you-tack-down carpet. The ceiling was tinted in a rich gold, here and there softened with touches of yellow, brown, pink, green, lavender, red, and blue. It was simple, but elegant.

Mr. Robbing asked me to sit down on a chair. This simple request unfolded to me the analytical, far-seeing, technical, poetic, heterogeneous nature of the man. He had asked me to sit on a chair!

I watched him critically as he inhaled the air which naturally filled the room. He was indeed an all-power-

ful captain of finance. He had two eyes, directly underneath the intersection of which was a nose — a regular nose. A short, stubby moustache — the kind worn by Ossip the First, ruler of the Sausage-ites during the last half of the second century Anno Domini — reposed gracefully beneath the nasal appendage.

My close observation of human nature led me to believe that a mouth was hidden there in the complex underbrush. My premonition proved true later on when he spoke.

“Um,” I ventured to say by way of drawing him out into a subconscious interview.

He moved his foot which was covered with a shoe.

“Yes,” he reiterated after a slight pause of three hours, “I believe that Jack Johnson could have defeated any of them in his best days.”

The oracle — the man who dug his hand into the ash-can and pulled up a million — had spoken. I heard him with my ears!

“Do you think it pays to peddle the bunk?” I timidly asked him as he carelessly tossed a hundred thousand dollars to the crowd of officers in the street below.

"I think," he answered, his frank eyes still remaining above his nose, "that Abe Attell is greater in many respects than Shakespeare. I have looked over every page of Shakespeare's record and have not discovered a single K. O."

The reflection brought to my mind the beautiful lines from the great bard's masterpiece,

THE OYSTER LOAF:

The sun is in the heavens
The air is in between,
The earth is underneath us,
And the ocean's wet I ween;
There's always lots of weather,
There are branches on the trees.
I guess I'm going daffy,
I'm an awful piece of cheese.

I could not resist the temptation of asking Mr. Robbing the vital question "What do you think of our American women?"

He did not hesitate an instant. Naïvely placing one word after another, he said: "Zybszko, the Polish plasterer, is a fine example of what three square meals a day can do for a man. I am told he lives solely on carpet tacks and herring. His waist is a classic."

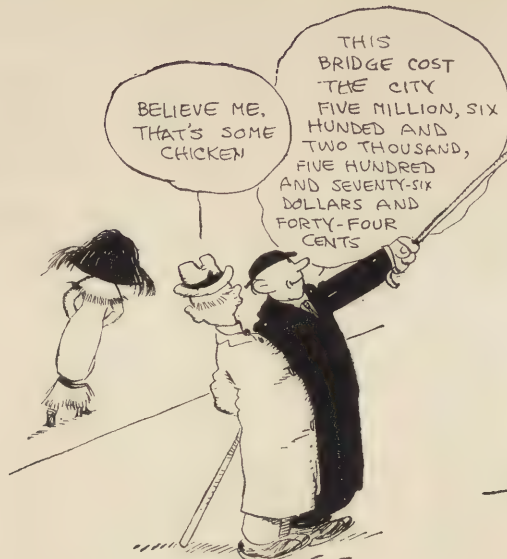
Still noting that Mr. Robbing's nose was situated between his eyes and his moustache, I went out into the night.

I was a better being for having talked with a great man.

In the words of Zodiac the Russian pipe-fitter; "Umsopagus gazish."



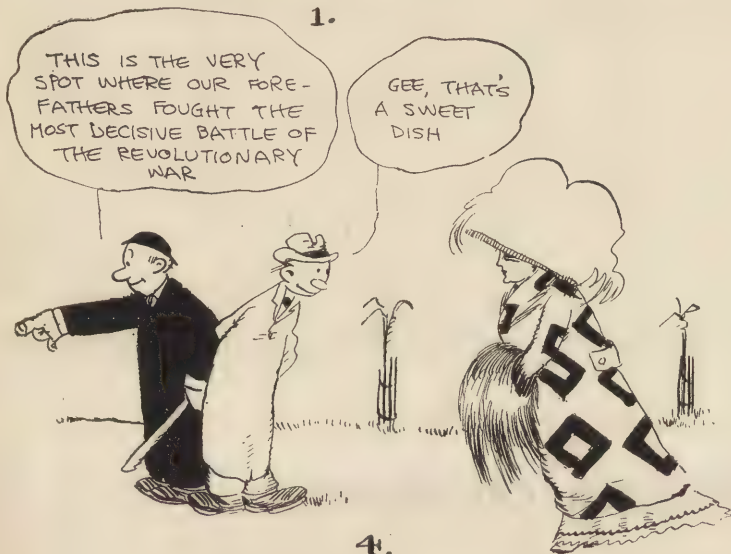
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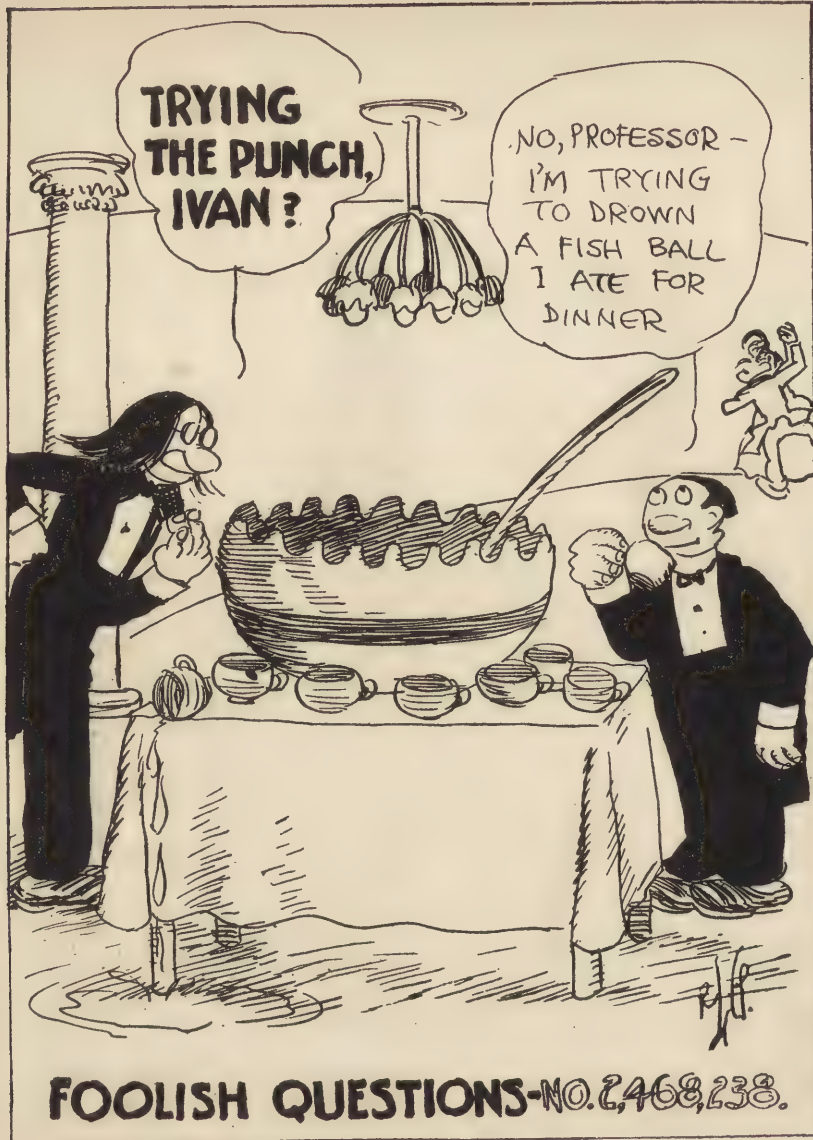
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6.

R. J. BOBBER G

YES, TRAVEL IS A GREAT EDUCATION FOR A YOUNG MAN



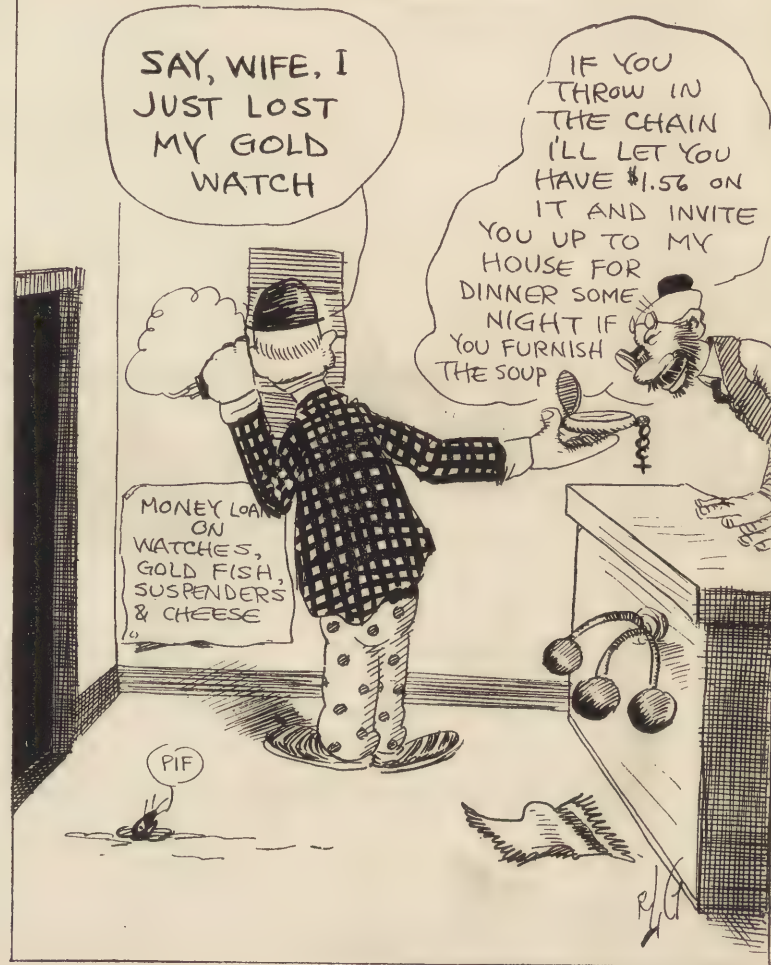


WHAT ARE **YOU** KICKING ABOUT?



THINK OF THIS POOR DEAF AND DUMB
GAZINK WHO CAN'T EVEN YELL
FOR HELP!

TELEPHONIES



SAY, WIFE, I
JUST LOST
MY GOLD
WATCH

IF YOU
THROW IN
THE CHAIN
I'LL LET YOU
HAVE \$1.56 ON
IT AND INVITE
YOU UP TO MY
HOUSE FOR
DINNER SOME
NIGHT IF
YOU FURNISH
THE SOUP

MONEY LOAN
ON
WATCHES,
GOLD FISH,
SUSPENDERS
& CHEESE

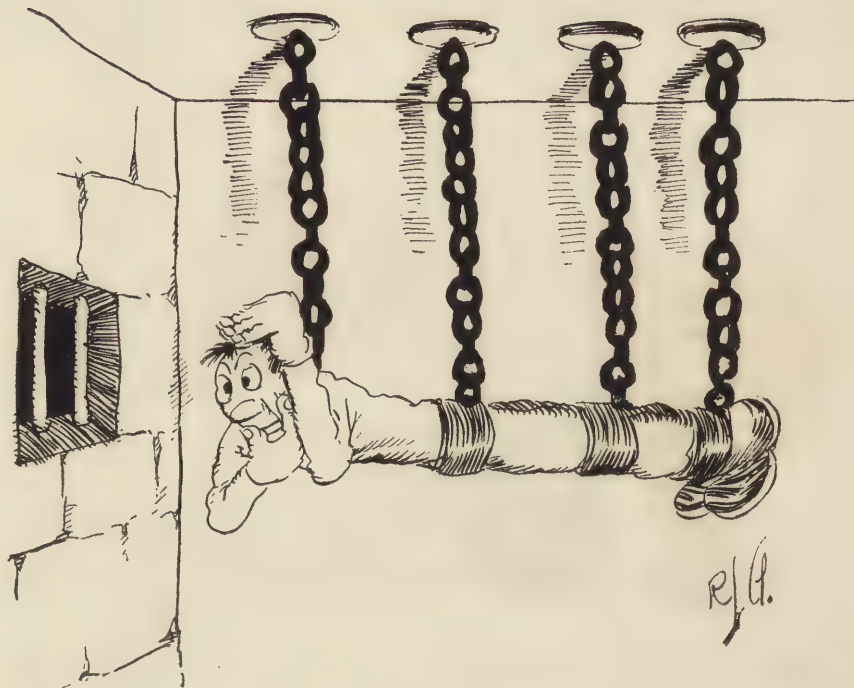
PIF

WHAT ARE **YOU** KICKING ABOUT ?



THINK OF THE POOR STENOGRAPHER
WHO HAS TO SIT AROUND ALL DAY AND
TAKE DICTATION FROM THIS TERRIBLE
SCARECROW !

WHAT ARE **YOU** KICKING ABOUT ?



THINK OF THIS POOR BUG WHO IMAGINES
HIS WIFE'S MOTHER HAS COME TO SPEND
THE REST OF HER LIFE WITH HIM !

TELEPHONIES

HELLO, DEAR- I'M
DOWN HERE AT
STIFFANY'S SELECTING
AN ENGAGEMENT RING
FOR YOU - HE HAS A TWO-
KARAT STONE FOR \$350 AND
A ONE-KARAT STONE OF
FINER QUALITY FOR \$300 - I
CALLED UP TO FIND OUT
WHICH ONE YOU WOULD
PREFER

THEY LOOK
MORE LIKE
REAL
DIAMONDS
THAN
DIAMONDS
THEMSELVES



TELEPHONIES

MY HUSBAND NEVER ALLOWS
ME TO DO ANY OF MY OWN
HOUSE-WORK - HE INSISTS
UPON ME HAVING TWO
OR THREE MAIDS AROUND
ALL THE TIME



TELEPHONIES



CHAMBER OF HORRORS

HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS WHILE WE
TAKE THIS TURN.



SMILING JACK OZK,
THE GAS-HOUSE
COMEDIAN, WHO
DONATES TODAY'S
FOOLISHNESS.

WHY IS A
PERFECTLY-GOOD
COW THAT WAS
LEFT TO MOTHER
BY A DEAR FRIEND
WHO SHOT HIMSELF
IN THE ADAM'S
APPLE WITH A DILL
PICKLE, LIKE ONE
OF THE LARGEST
CITIES IN RUSSIA?

ECHO! - BECAUSE IT'S
MA'S-COW.

YES, YES, I KNOW ALL -
BUT THINK OF OUR CHILD!

AUTOMOBILE
OR RAILROAD?

NOPE -
SHIRTS!



I GUESS THE
ANARCHISTS MIS-
TOOK ME FOR
SOME HIGH RUSSIAN
OFFICIAL WHEN THEY
SENT ME THIS
INFERNAL
MACHINE



MARY, PLEASE PHONE MY
BOSS AND TELL HIM I
WON'T BE DOWN THIS
WEEK - I'M PUTTING ON
A CLEAN SHIRT



WHY DON'T YOU HIRE
SOME PEOPLE TO
HELP YOU? YOU'LL
WEAR YOURSELF
OUT



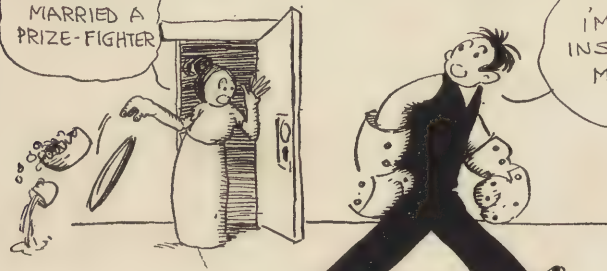
HARD LABOR

PRESENT
SHIRTS!



THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD ADAPT THE
LAUNDERED SHIRT AS AN IMPLEMENT OF WAR

I DIDN'T
KNOW I
MARRIED A
PRIZE-FIGHTER

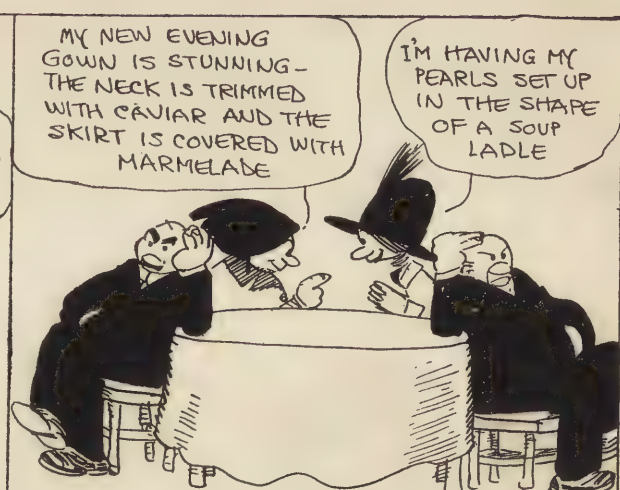
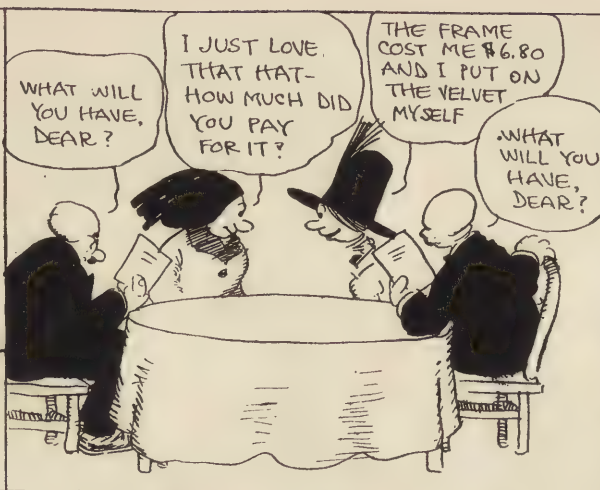


PIN-PROOF
GLOVES - WHY NOT?

I'M GOING
INSIDE TO OPEN
MY LAUNDRY

RUSSIAN BOMB-THROWERS
HAVE NOTHING ON OUR
LAUNDRY MEN.

AT ANY RATE, THE LAUNDRIES ARE NOT A BIT STINGY WITH THEIR PINS



THIS IS JUST AS TRUE AS YOU'RE SITTING HERE LOOKING AT IT

I'M THE GUY

THESE BOOBS
TALK ABOUT
EXCITEMENT- WHY,
I CAN REMEMBER
WHEN I NOMINATED
JIM BLAINE FOR
PRESIDENT.



THE CHEERING
LASTED FOR
368 HOURS AND
THOUSANDS OF MEN
STARVED TO DEATH
WAITING FOR A
CHANCE TO SHAKE
MY HAND



LITTLE
SHOE-BUTTON,
WHO ARE
YOU?



I'M THE
GUY THAT
PUT THE
CON IN
CONVENTIONS

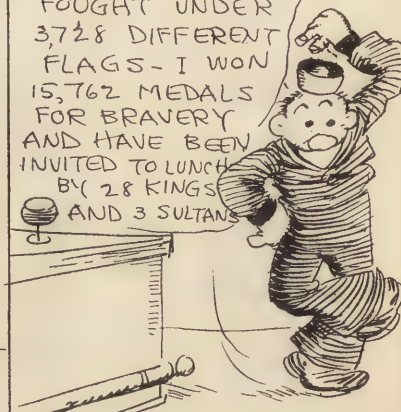


I'M THE GUY

I'VE SAILED ON
968 DIFFERENT SEAS
AND OCEANS, HAVE
LEFT SWEETHEARTS
BEHIND IN
20,000
DIFFERENT
PORTS



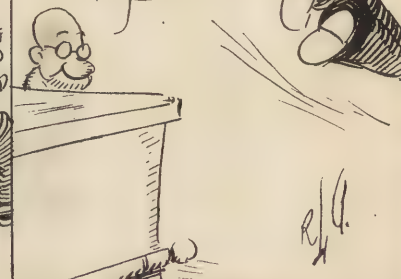
AND I HAVE
FOUGHT UNDER
3,728 DIFFERENT
FLAGS- I WON
15,762 MEDALS
FOR BRAVERY
AND HAVE BEEN
INVITED TO LUNCH
BY 28 KINGS
AND 3 SULTANS



LAND TRASH,
WHO ARE
YOU?



I'M THE GUY
THAT PUT
THE WATER
UNDER
SHIPS



The Hat Boy

A POEM

"Good morning judge," the young man said —
His face was wan and pale —
"I don't intend to plead with you
To let me out on bail;
My story's short and simple, judge —
I'm not a common tough."
He braced himself against a chair
And pulled his line of stuff.

"The other night I thought I'd like
To see a cabaret —
I grabbed my cane and hat and coat
And went to a café;
The lights were burning brightly as
I strolled into the place,
The world looked very good to me,
A smile was on my face.

"A little boy in uniform
Rushed up and grabbed my lid;
I couldn't for the life of me
Determine why he did:
I made a move to go inside —
The young man blocked my way.
'You'll have to check your coat,' he said,
'You wooden-headed jay.'
He tore the garment off my back,
And hung it on a hook,
But I controlled my feeling, though
I knew he was a crook.

"Again I started for the door.
He blocked my way again;
'I must insist,' the villain said,
'That you give me your cane.'
He snatched the stick away from me
And threw it on the floor;
I could have killed him then and there,
I felt so awful sore.

"I started for a table then,
But still he stuck like glue;
'You'll have to check your undershirt
And your suspenders, too;'
He pounced upon my neck and took
My things away from me,
The sight that I presented, Judge,
Was terrible to see.

"But still I hankered for a seat
Within that gay café,
Again I made a break to go,
Again he bid me stay;
He said, 'You must check everything';
He grabbed me by the throat —
Oh, Judge, I couldn't stand for that,
'Twas then I lost my goat.

"I up and soaked him on the nose,
I kicked him in the jaw;
I threw him up against the wall,
I tossed him on the floor;
I pressed a plate of kidney stew
Against his homely face;
I dislocated both his ears,
They looked like Irish lace.

"And when he lay all huddled up,
A sad and total wreck,
I pulled out my revolver and
I shot him in the neck."

The judge looked at the pale young man —
His eyes were filled with tears.
'Discharged!' he said. "Your noble work
Will live for years and years!"



THIS IS THE ONLY LIFE - THERE'S NO CHANCE OF BEING RUN OVER BY A TAXICAB OR HAVING YOUR MIND TAKEN OFF YOUR WORK BY NICE-LOOKING SQUABS



THERE GOES SOMETHING THAT COMES UP TO MY IDEA OF A REAL SLICE OF ANGEL CAKE



I WON'T WASTE ANY TIME - I'LL TELL HER I'M TIRED OF BEING SINGLE AND I'VE GOT SIXTY-FOUR DOLLARS IN THE BANK AND I EXPECT MY UNCLE TO LEAVE ME A SOLID-GOLD WATCH WHEN HE DIES



WHEN SHE SEES I'M IN EARNEST, SHE WILL CALL THE AMBULANCE -



AND SHE'LL FOLLOW ME TO THE HOSPITAL AND NURSE ME BACK TO HEALTH



AND WE'LL GET MARRIED AND SPEND OUR HONEYMOON IN THE SUBWAY



PLOP!



HOW MANY TIMES A DAY DO YOU TAKE THE TRIP?

THE REAL KNOCKOUT



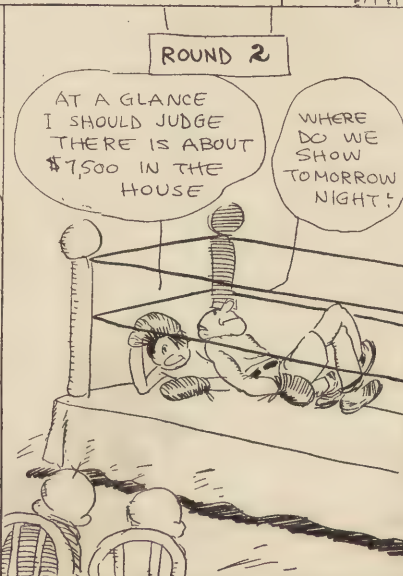
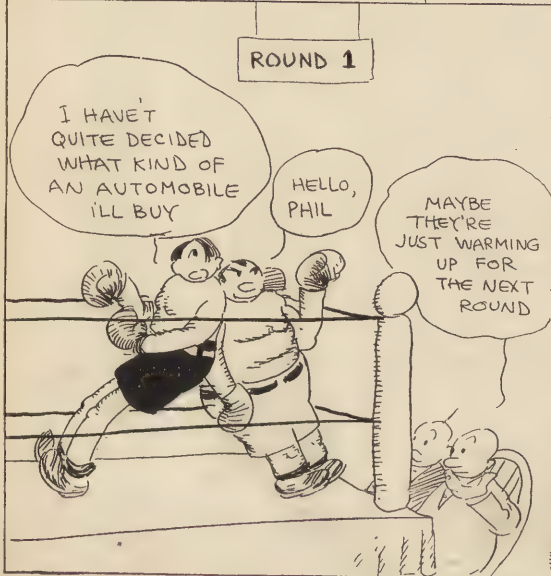
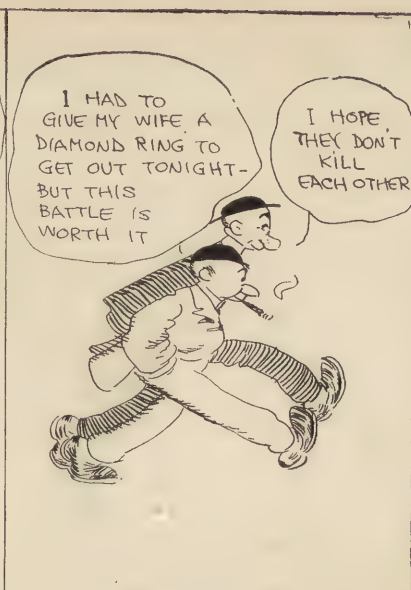
THEY ALL LOOK GOOD, WHEN THEY'RE FAR AWAY!

R. K. Cooper

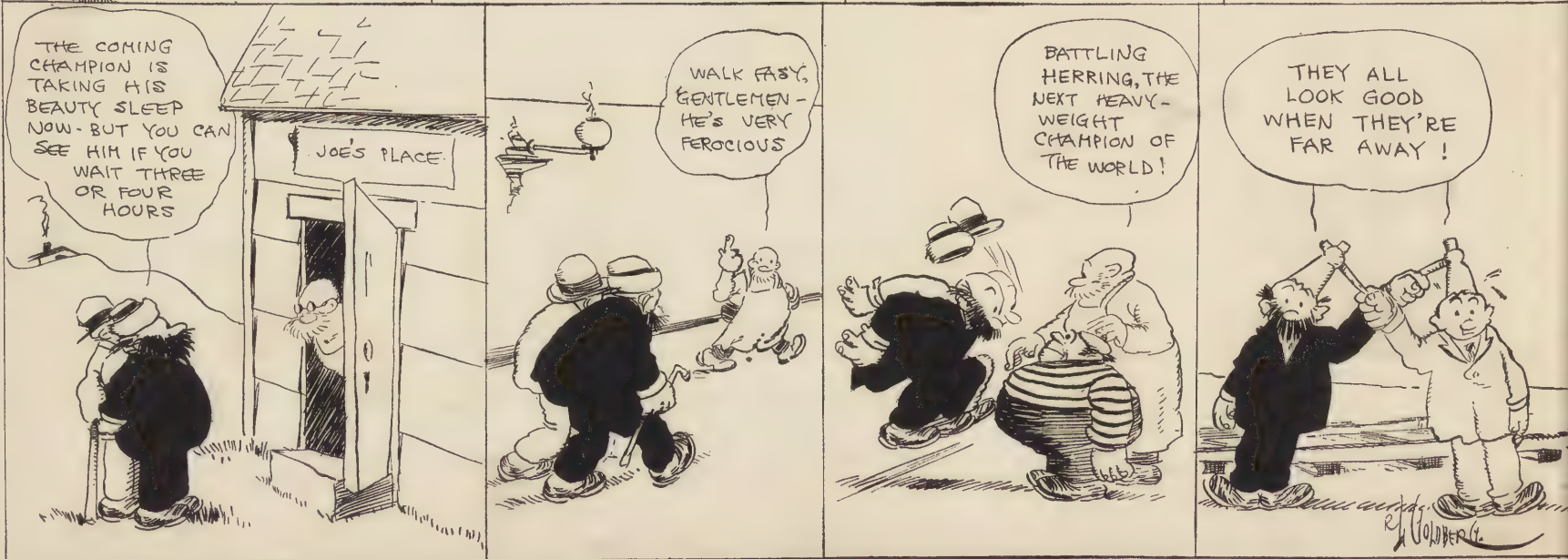
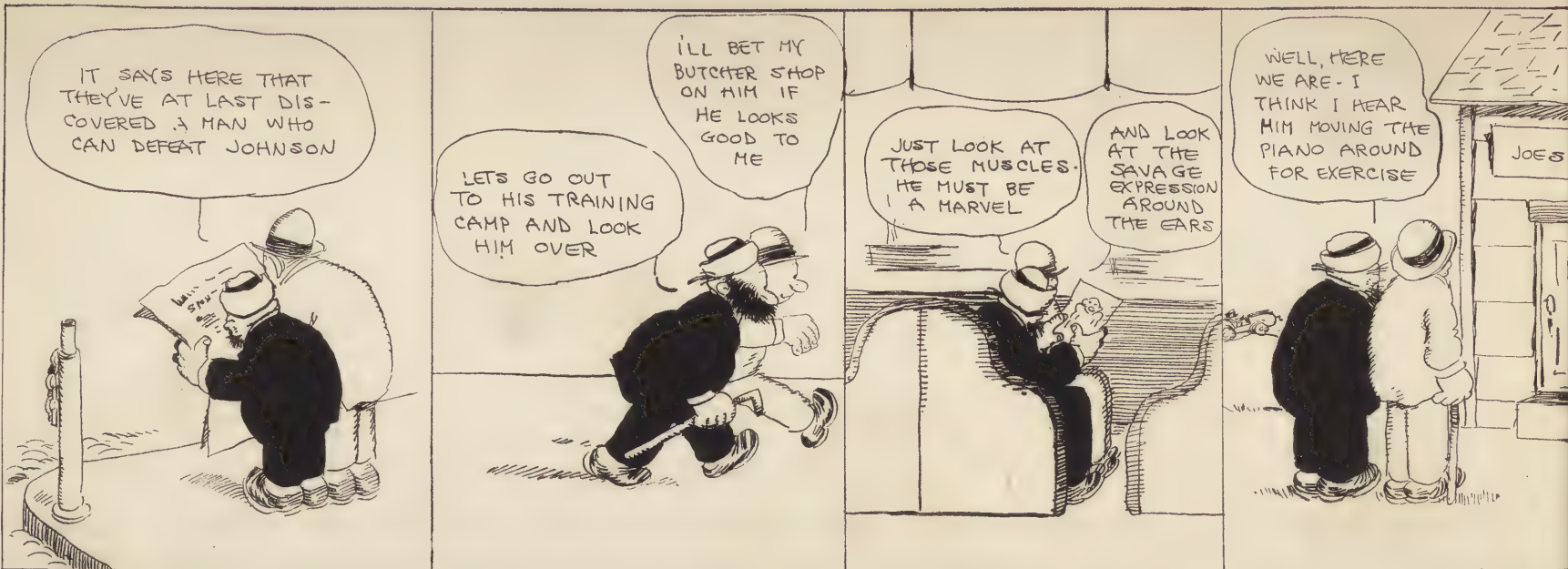
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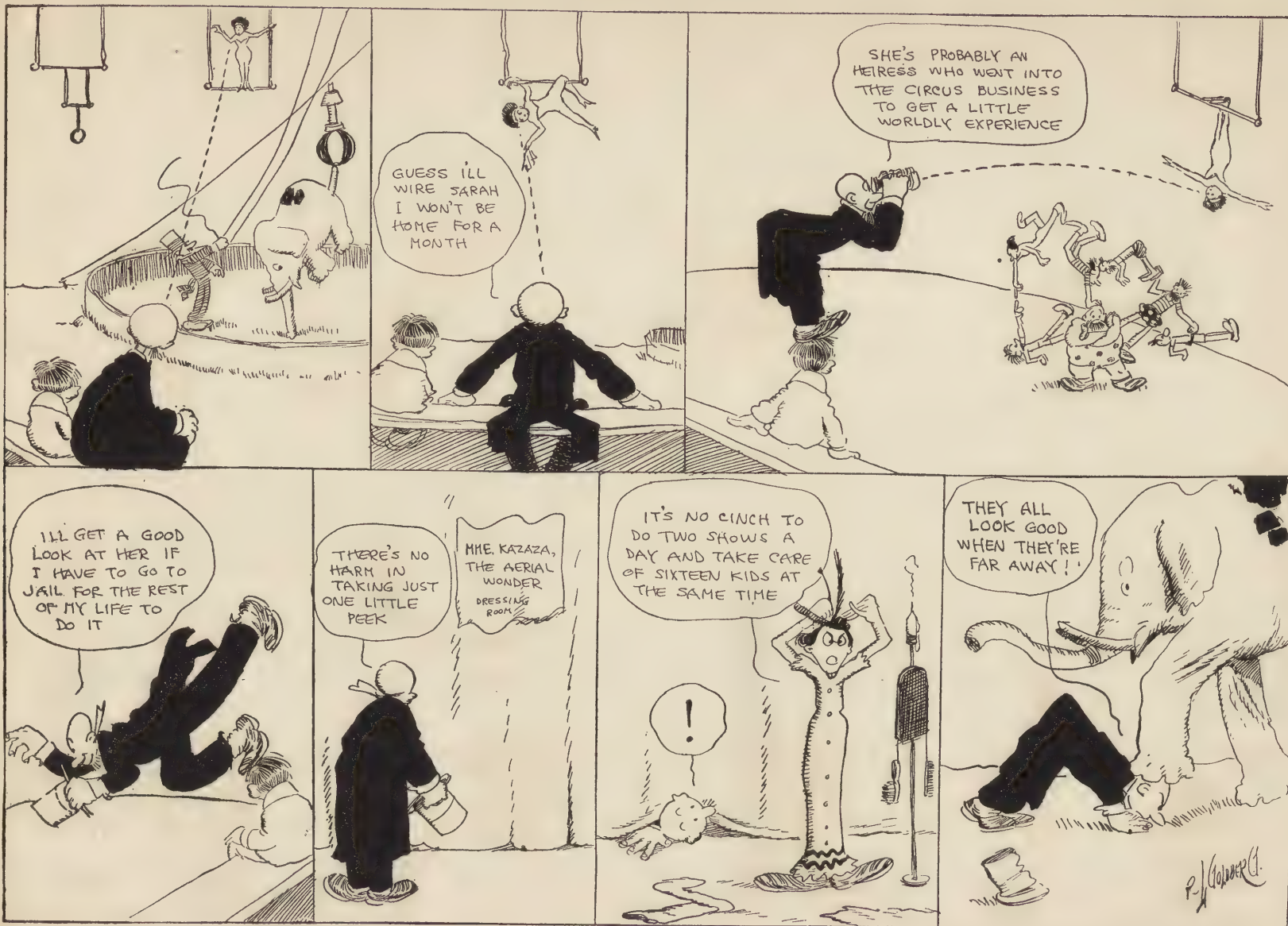
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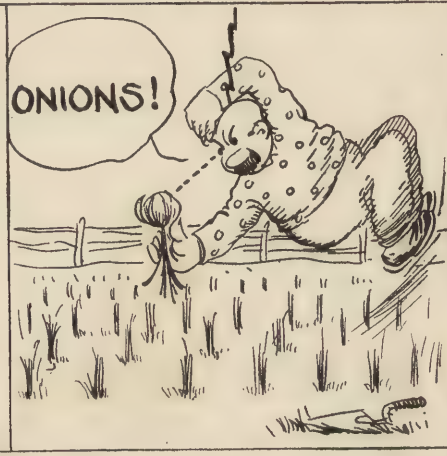
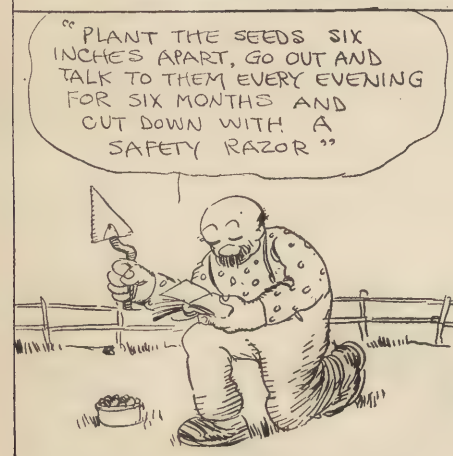
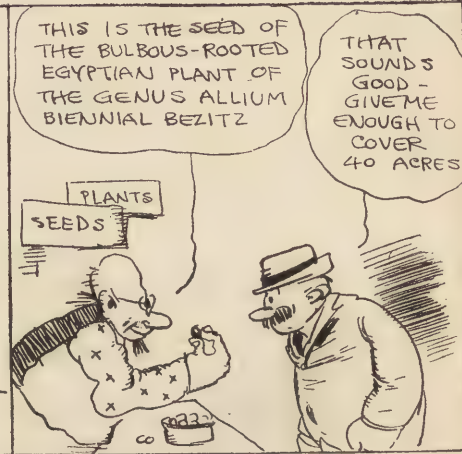
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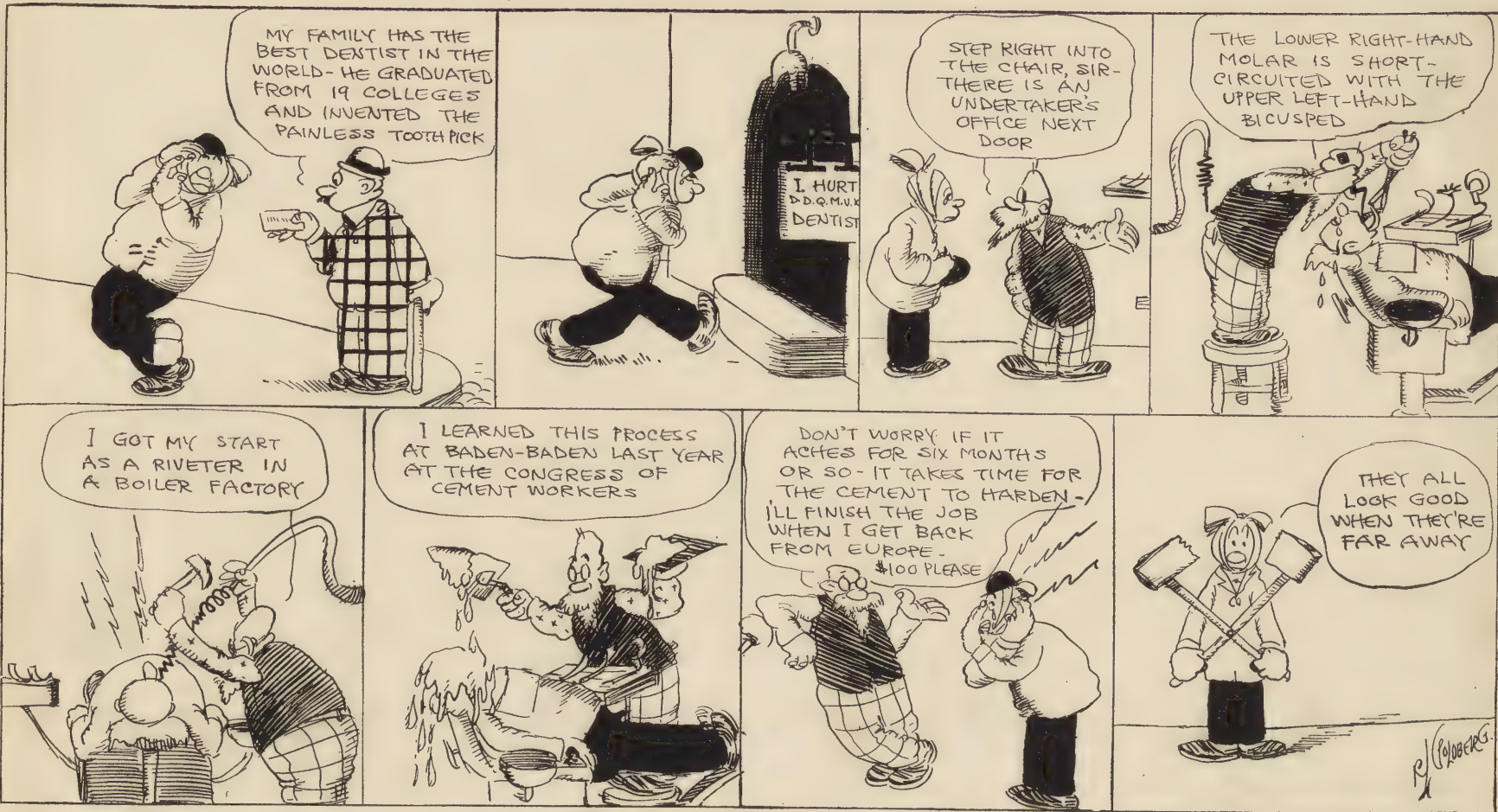
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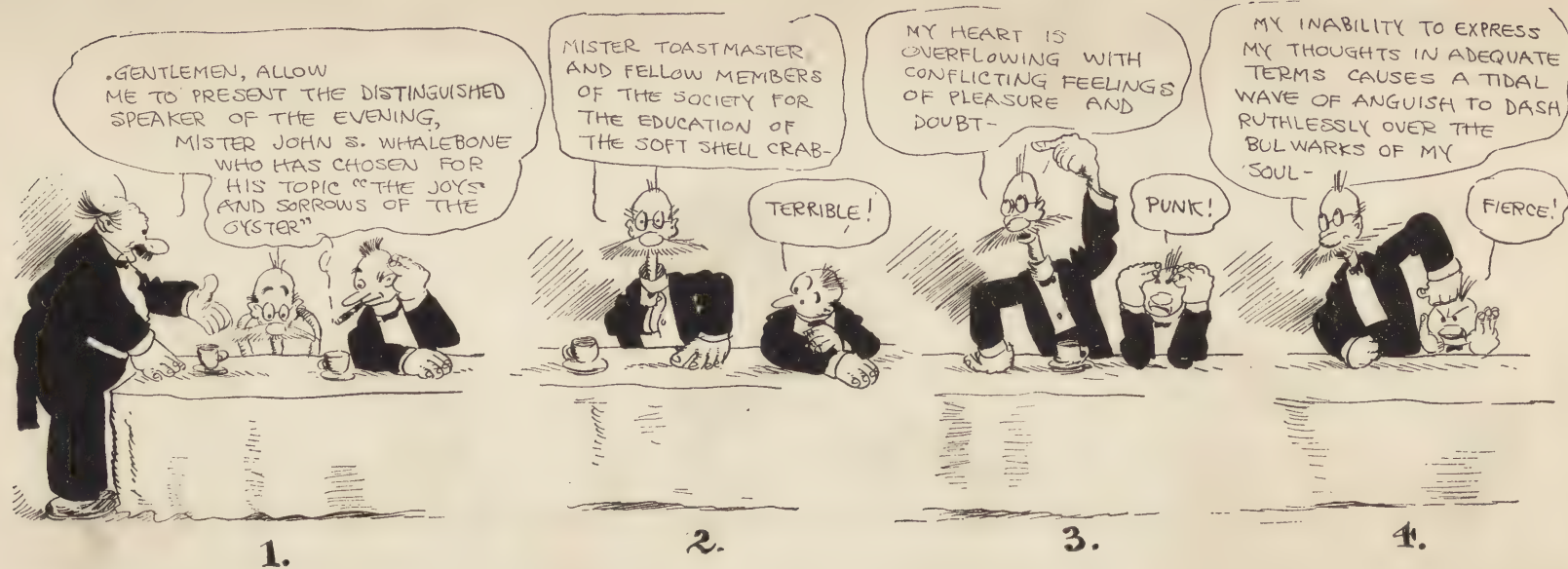
THEY ALL LOOK GOOD WHEN THEY'RE FAR AWAY!



THEY ALL LOOK GOOD WHEN THEY'RE FAR AWAY!



THEY ALL LOOK GOOD WHEN THEY'RE FAR AWAY!



THEY ALWAYS COME BACK FOR MORE



HOW THE POLICEMAN LOOKS TO THE PUBLIC.



HOW THE PUBLIC LOOKS TO THE POLICEMAN.

IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE POINT OF VIEW



AN ELEVATOR BOY HAS MORE TO REMEMBER THAN THE STAR OF A SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY

Ads Upon The Sporting Page Just at Present all The Rage

His work was o'er, he grabbed his hat and blew into the street. He jumped upon a trolley car to rest his weary feet. He paid his fare and opened wide the *Daily Evening Rage*, to feast his eyes on all the news upon the sporting page. He doted on athletics, and he went to every fight; he pondered over baseball dope from morning until night.

So he was very anxious just to cast his eagle eye upon the page that tells of every pugilistic guy. And, as we said before, my child, he opened wide the sheet to soothe his nerves with fighting news and have a baseball treat.

And this is what he gazed upon with sad and weary eye. He smote his chest and pulled his hair and heaved a heavy sigh.

A picture of a lemon pie adorned the sporting page. On either side appeared a bunch of boobs within a cage. The picture was supposed to be a thing to make you laugh and of the good old sporting page it occupied one half.

And in the southeast corner there appeared an ad which read, "We offer special prices to the dying and the dead. We're selling coffins very cheap, so hurry up

and die — our shrouds are very stylish and our prices are not high."

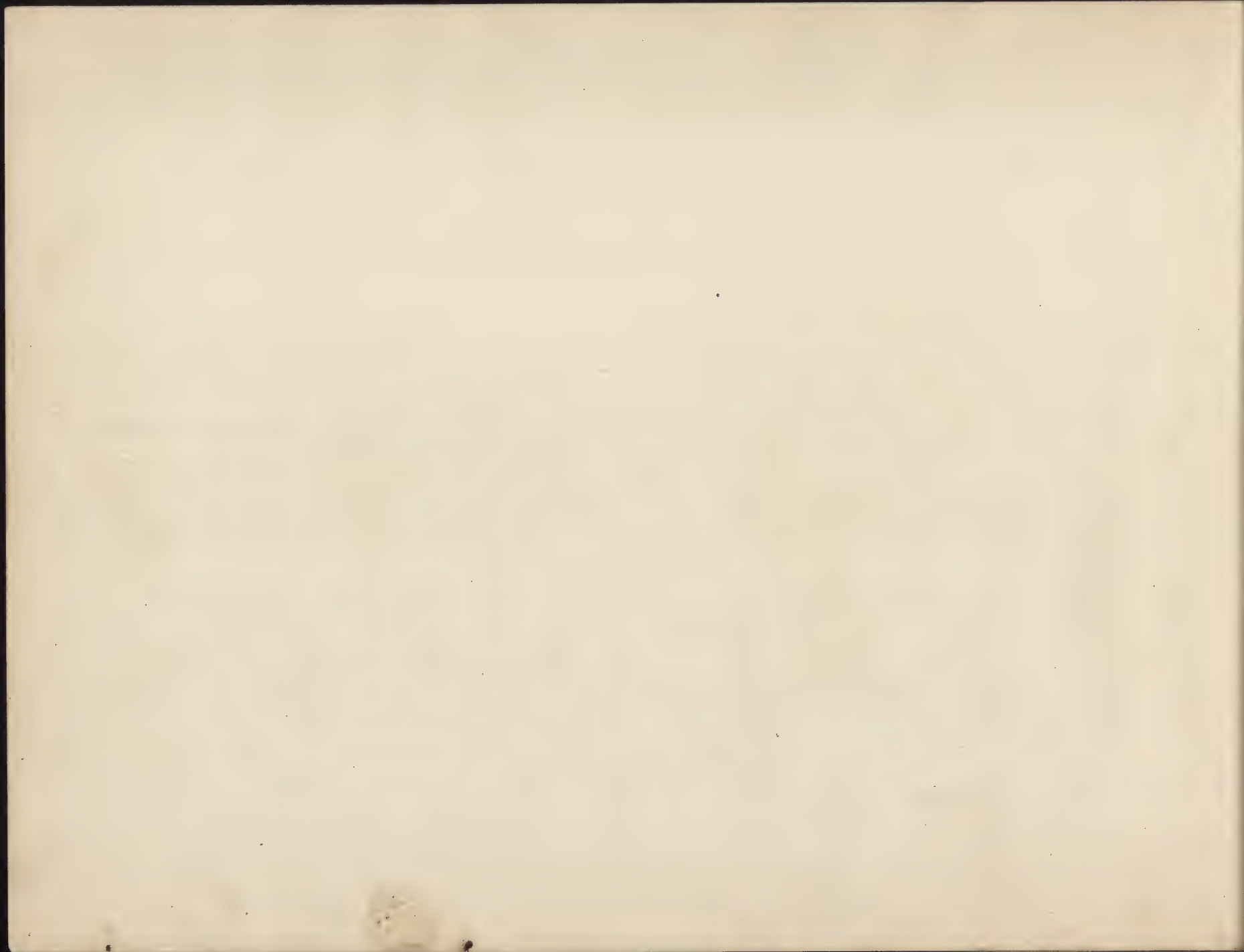
And in the other corner of this page of sporting news appeared in flaming letters, "We can cure you of the blues! Take Doctor Dope's advice, my friend, and buy his purple pills. They cure the grip and colic and a million other ills."

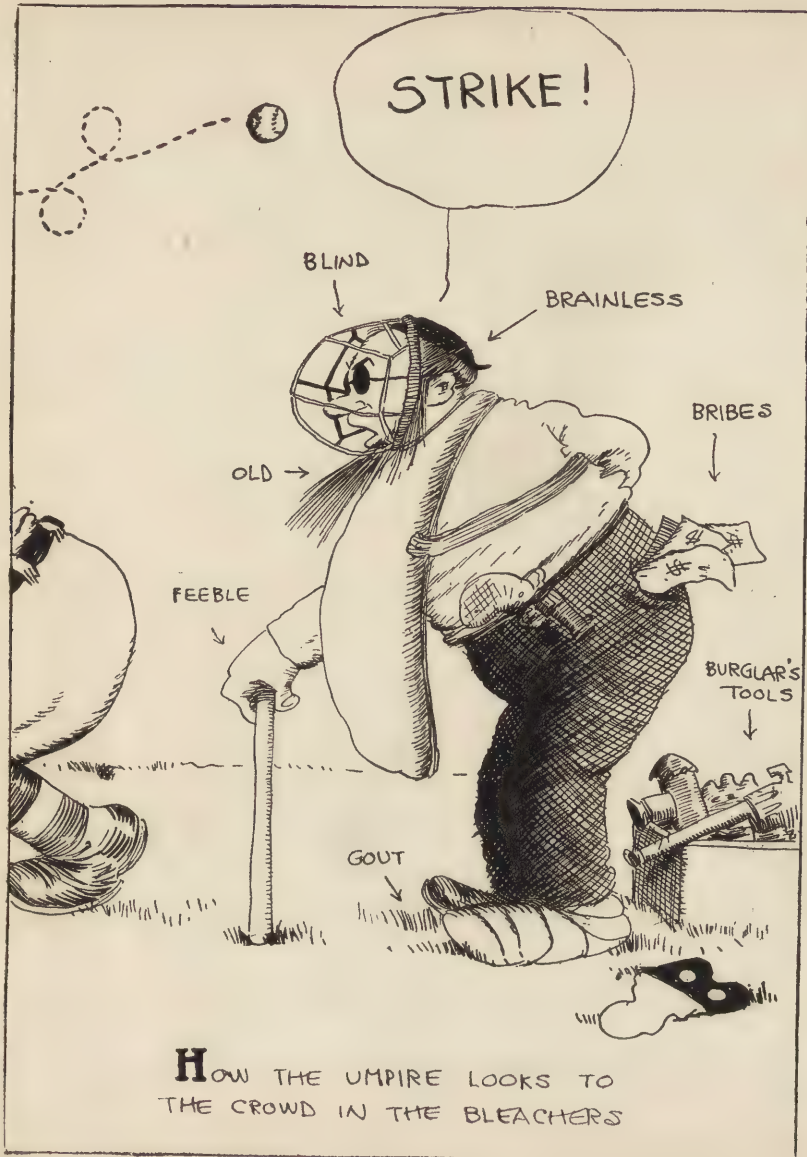
Right next to this there was an ad for vests and coats and shirts. "For cheap and nobby things to wear go down to Philip Wurtz." And underneath the reader saw a list of billiard joints where he could play for twenty cents a game of fifty points.

Our hero's eyes grew dimmer still. He brushed away a tear, when in his search for sporting news he read, "Drink Rummy's Beer!"

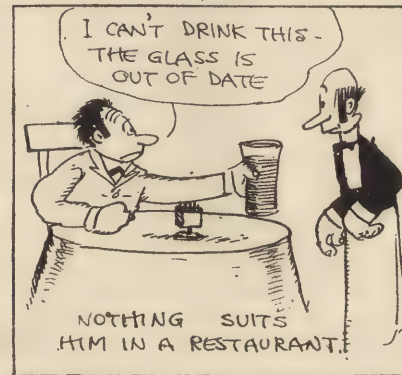
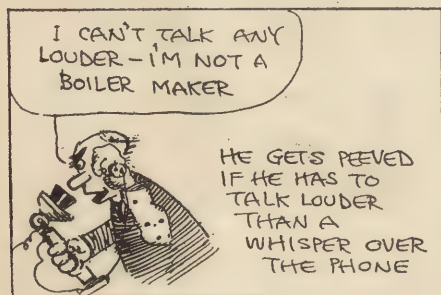
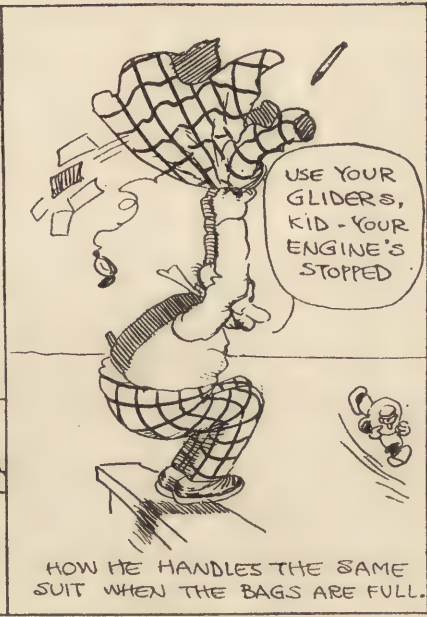
He read about bananas and he read about the croup; he read, "Go down to Coney if you wish to loop the loop."

In vain he looked for just a word of real old baseball news; in vain he looked to see what pug would win his fight or lose. He couldn't even find the date — alack and still alas! He went straight home, rushed to his room, and then turned on the gas!

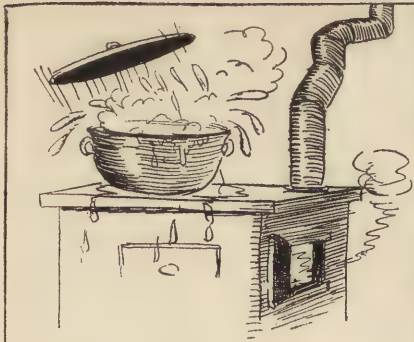




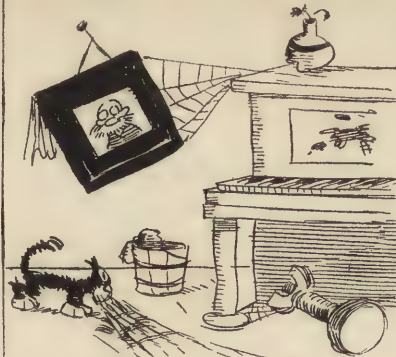
IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE POINT OF VIEW



IT'S DIFFERENT WHEN YOU'RE SITTING IN THE BLEACHERS



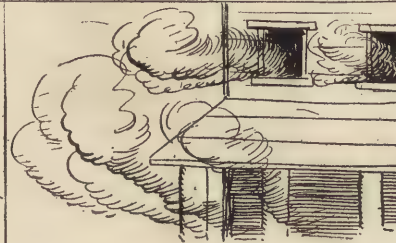
THE SOUP IS BOILING OVER -



THE PARLOR LOOKS LIKE A JUNK SHOP -



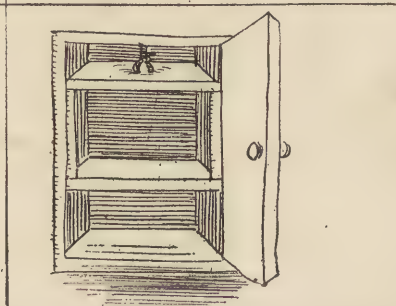
THE BABY IS STARVING -



THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE



ALL THE SILVERWARE HAS BEEN STOLEN -



AND THERE'S NO MILK ON THE DUMB WAITER

THE ANSWER



THERE WERE TWO MEN ON THIRD WHEN THE BATTER SNEEZED AND BLEW THE BALL INTO A CIRCUS PARADE THAT HAPPENED TO BE PASSING - IT LANDED IN A LION'S MOUTH AND THE UMPIRE CALLED THE BATTER OUT

IF A MAN KILLS AN UMPIRE HE SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO GO FREE ON THE UNWRITTEN LAW

THEY OUGHT TO PASS A LAW PROHIBITING PEOPLE TO WORK MORE THAN ONE DAY A WEEK DURING THE BALL SEASON

I DON'T SEE WHY A GOOD PITCHER SHOULDN'T EARN AS MUCH AS THE PRESIDENT

MILKMAN

FIRE-MAN

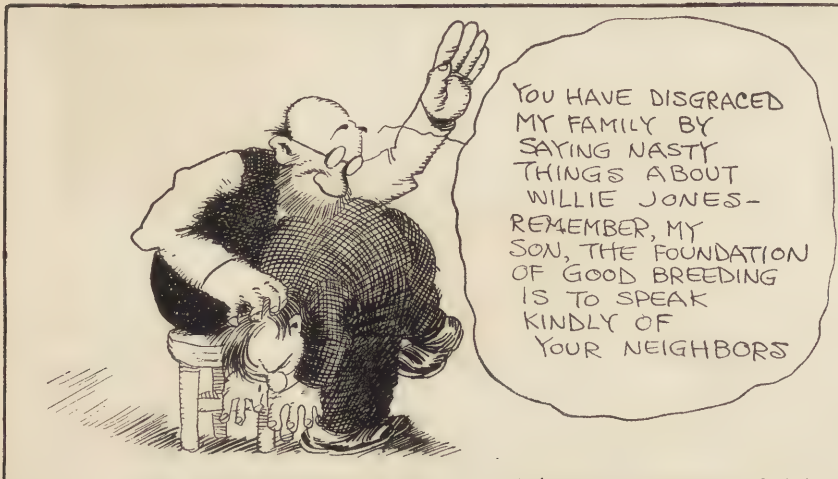
COOK

JANITOR

NURSE

THE ANSWER

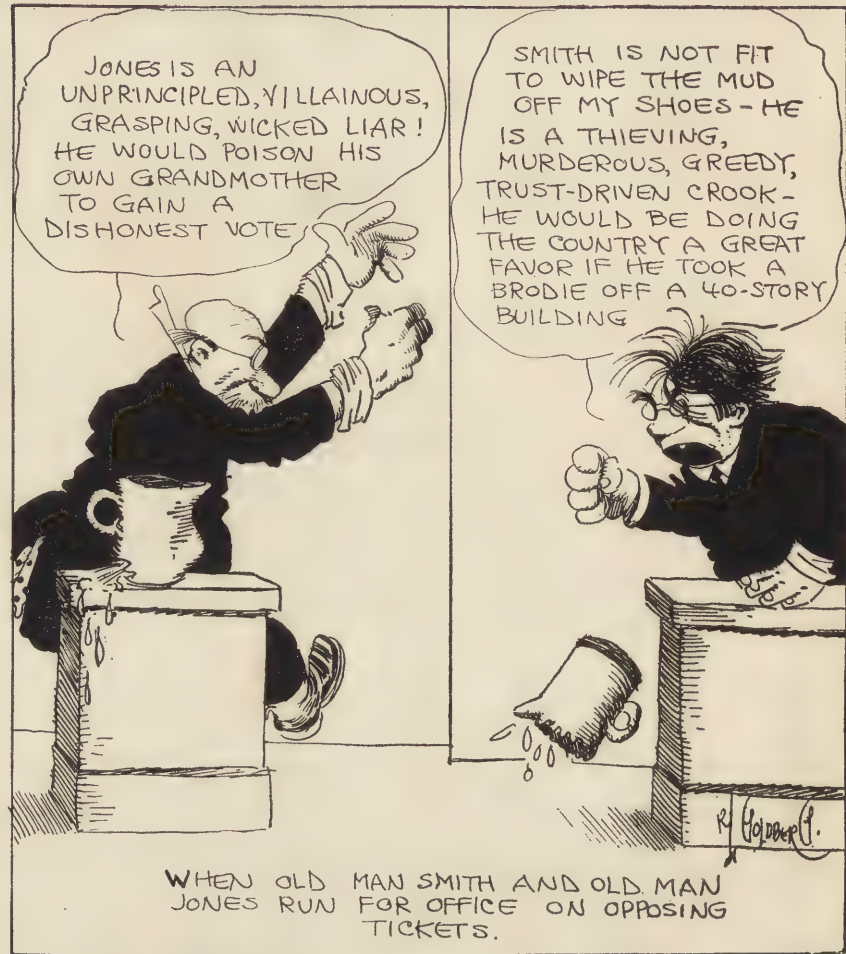
IF BASEBALL INTERFERES WITH YOUR WORK, DON'T WORK



YOU HAVE DISGRACED MY FAMILY BY SAYING NASTY THINGS ABOUT WILLIE JONES- REMEMBER, MY SON, THE FOUNDATION OF GOOD BREEDING IS TO SPEAK KINDLY OF YOUR NEIGHBORS



IT GRIEVES ME DEEPLY TO THINK THAT A SON OF MINE SHOULD SPEAK HARSHLY OF WILLIE SMITH, ONE OF HIS PLAYMATES- YOU HAVE BROUGHT SHAME INTO MY HOUSEHOLD

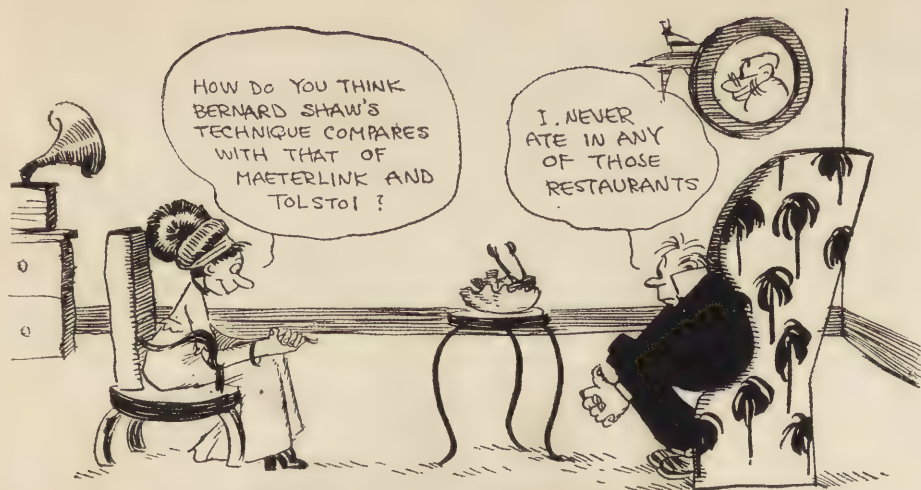


JONES IS AN UNPRINCIPLED, VILLAINOUS, GRASPING, WICKED LIAR! HE WOULD POISON HIS OWN GRANDMOTHER TO GAIN A DISHONEST VOTE

SMITH IS NOT FIT TO WIPE THE MUD OFF MY SHOES - HE IS A THIEVING, MURDEROUS, GREEDY, TRUST-DRIVEN CROOK - HE WOULD BE DOING THE COUNTRY A GREAT FAVOR IF HE TOOK A BRODIE OFF A 40-STORY BUILDING

WHEN OLD MAN SMITH AND OLD MAN JONES RUN FOR OFFICE ON OPPOSING TICKETS.

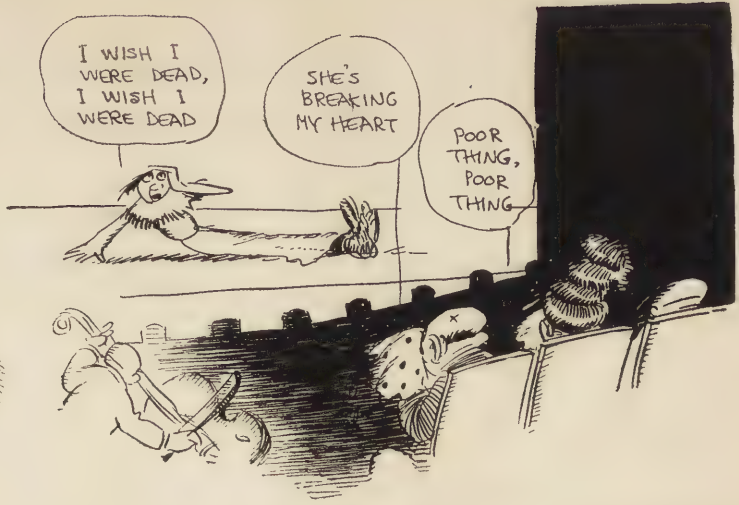
POLITICS COVERS A MULTITUDE OF SINS



HOW DO YOU THINK BERNARD SHAW'S TECHNIQUE COMPARES WITH THAT OF MAETERLINK AND TOLSTOI ?

I NEVER ATE IN ANY OF THOSE RESTAURANTS

YOU'LL STALL AWAY A WHOLE EVENING IN THE PARLOR AND THINK YOU'RE ENJOYING IT.

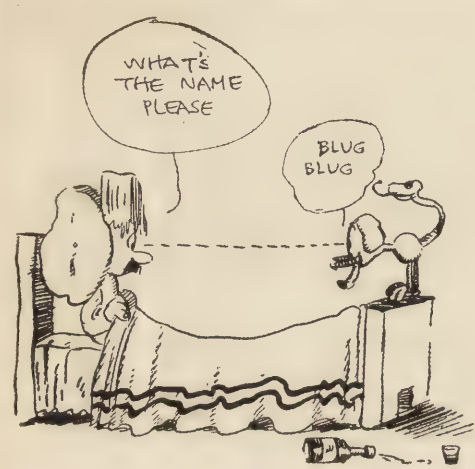


I WISH I WERE DEAD, I WISH I WERE DEAD

SHE'S BREAKING MY HEART

POOR THING, POOR THING

AN EVENING'S ENJOYMENT AT THE THEATRE



WHAT'S THE NAME PLEASE

BLUG BLUG

THIS IS CONSIDERED A BIG TIME.



YES, I ALWAYS TAKE WINE WITH MY MEALS

BUT BEER IS MUCH HEALTHIER

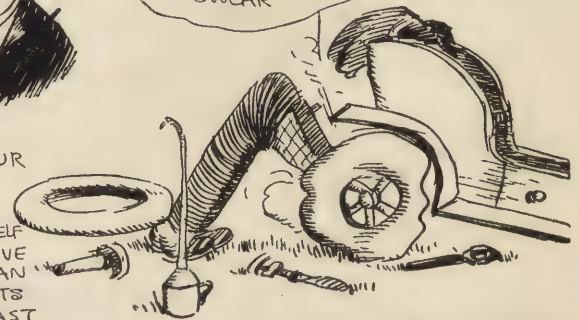
HAVING A QUIET LITTLE MEAL WITH A LADY FRIEND AND USING ALL YOUR WITS TO STEER HER AWAY FROM THE EXPENSIVE DISHES.



PLEASURE — SQUEEZE YOUR

BEAN IN A HIG HAT, TAKE THE MOTH BALLS OUT OF YOUR DRESS SUIT, STRANGLE YOURSELF WITH A NUMBER-TWELVE COLLAR AND GO TO AN OPERA THAT INTERESTS YOU AS MUCH AS LAST YEAR'S SPINACH CROP

I WOULDN'T FEEL SO SORE IF I ONLY HAD SOMEBODY ALONG TO HELP ME SWEAR



THIS ALSO COMES UNDER THE HEADING OF A GOOD TIME.

AND THIS ALL COMES UNDER THE HEADING OF PLEASURE



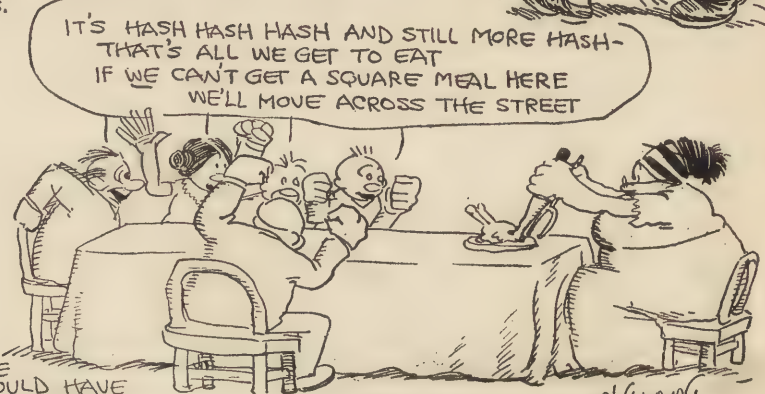
A GOOD WAY TO
CHEER UP A SICK
FRIEND.



A
SUBSTITUTE
FOR WEDDING
BELLS.



THE COLLEGE
ATMOSPHERE WOULDN'T BE
BAD IN THE NECKWEAR DEPARTMENT.



MAYBE
THIS WOULD HAVE
SOME EFFECT ON
THE LANDLADY.

R. J. GOLDBERG

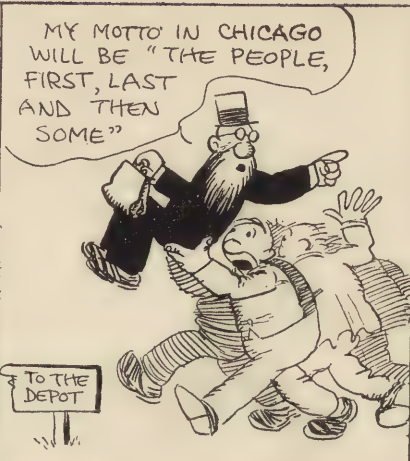
WHY CONFINE THE COLLEGE YELL TO FOOTBALL ALONE?



GOODBYE, FELLOW CITIZENS-
YOUR WELFARE WILL BE MY
ONLY THOUGHT AT THE
CHICAGO CONVENTION



CONSTITUENTS, YOU CAN
TRUST ME WITH THE
HONOR OF OUR STATE
AT THE CHICAGO
CONVENTION



MY MOTTO IN CHICAGO
WILL BE "THE PEOPLE,
FIRST, LAST
AND THEN
SOME"

TO THE
DEPOT



WHEN I STAND ON THE
FLOOR OF THE CHICAGO
CONVENTION, THE MEMORY
OF YOUR SWEET LITTLE
FACES WILL INSPIRE
MY WORK IN THE
INTERESTS OF OUR
NOBLE COMMUNITY



I AM THANKFUL THAT
THE GREATNESS THAT HAS
BEEN THRUST UPON ME WILL
NOT STUNT MY SENSE OF
DUTY TO THE STATE AT
THE CONVENTION



WHEN I REACH CHICAGO
YOUR INTELLIGENT VIEWS ON
THE ISSUES OF THIS GREAT
CAMPAIGN WILL BE MY
STAR OF CONSTANCY



GIVE ME
TWO CARDS
AND I' BET
\$50 WITHOUT
LOOKING

MY HAND
IS WORTH
ONE
LOOK

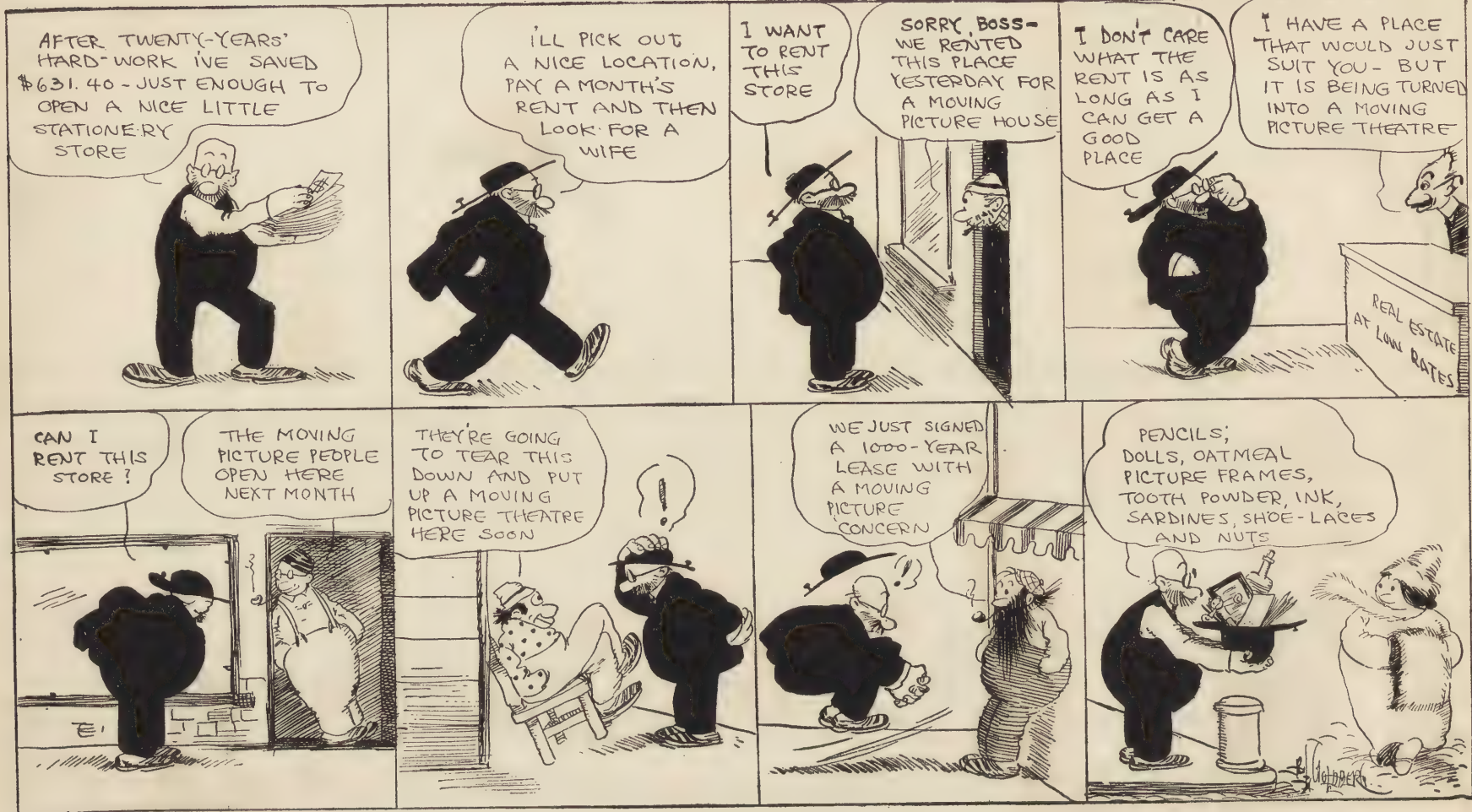
I HAVEN'T
HELD ANYTHING
BETTER THAN
A PAIR OF
DEUCES SINCE
THE CONVENTION
OPENED

BOY, ASK
THE
CLERK IF
HE WILL
CASH A
CHECK

IN CHICAGO

Ed. Galtberg

IT IS PUTTING IT MILDLY TO SAY DELEGATES ALWAYS HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL



ALL THE WORLD'S A MOVING PICTURE SHOW

TO ONE PORTION OF FURNITURE POLISH ADD THREE TEASPOONFULS OF AXLE GREASE, STIR THOROUGHLY FOR THREE DAYS - THEN TAKE IT OUT FOR A WALK IN THE PARK UNTIL IT BEGINS TO GET PEEVISH ADD A SCUTTLE OF COAL AND SERVE

THIS OUGHT TO FURNISH THE FOUNDATION FOR A DELICIOUS OMELETTE

I'VE DISCOVERED A NEW WAY OF MAKING SALAD FROM BANANA PEELS AND APRON STRINGS

I'LL TRY IT TONIGHT AND SURPRISE ANATOLE



SHE WANTS TO COOK EVERYTHING SHE FINDS LYING AROUND THE HOUSE

WHERE SENTENCE IS DELIVERED ON THE POOR UNSUSPECTING HUSBANDS.

OH, DOCTOR, SPARE HIM SO HE CAN SAMPLE MY NEW CHAFING DISH RECIPE

IF HE DIES I LOSE MONEY

DOC, LET ME CROAK BEFORE SHE BRINGS ME ANOTHER DISH TO TRY

MY FERVENT PRAYER IS THAT I MAY BE BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH A PLATTER OF CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE



THERE IS A LIMIT EVEN TO A HUSBAND'S PATIENCE - AND DIGESTION

REAL FOOD, REAL FOOD, MY KINGDOM FOR REAL FOOD!



LITTLE DOES JOHN KNOW WHAT TORTURE AWAITS HIM AT HOME AFTER A HARD DAYS WORK

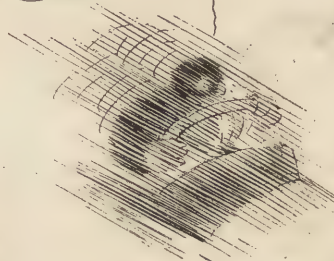
DOES YOUR WIFE GIVE ALL THE NEW RECIPES A TRYOUT, TOO?



WELL, I'VE SUCCEEDED
IN TAKING OFF TWO
OUNCES* IN TWO
YEARS - IF I LIVE
LONG ENOUGH I
CAN GET BELOW
300

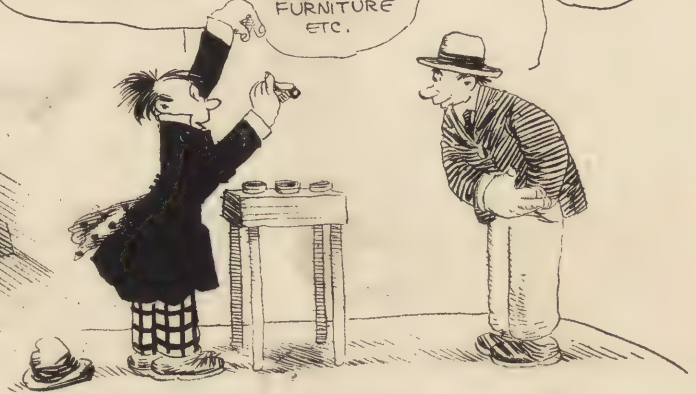
THE WEIGHT-
REDUCING BOOB.

I'M GOING TO SUE
THE AUTOMOBILE
COMPANY - THEY TOLD
ME THIS CAR WOULD
GO 100 MILES AN
HOUR AND IT WILL
ONLY GO 99 1/2



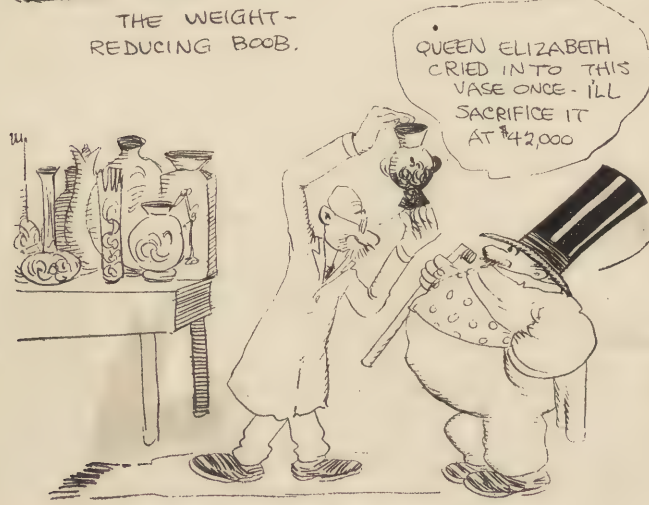
THE SPEED BOOB.

WATCH THE LITTLE PILL
CAREFULLY, MY FRIEND - IT
CURES HYDROPHOBIA,
GOUT, LOVE SICKNESS AND
THE PLAGUE, IT WINDS UP THE
CLOCK AND DUSTS OFF THE
FURNITURE
ETC.



ALL RIGHT,
GIVE ME
A BOX

THE ALL-AROUND BOOB



QUEEN ELIZABETH
CRIED INTO THIS
VASE ONCE - I'LL
SACRIFICE IT
AT \$42,000

GIVE ME
A DOZEN
OF THOSE

THE ANTIQUE BOOB



WE LOSE
AGAIN - I'M
GOING HOME
AND TURN ON
THE GAS

THE BASEBALL
BOOB

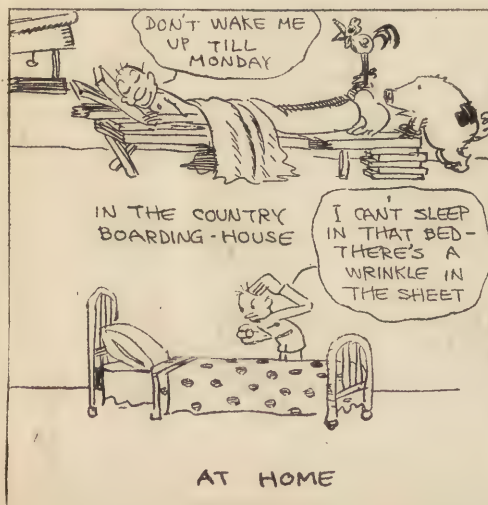
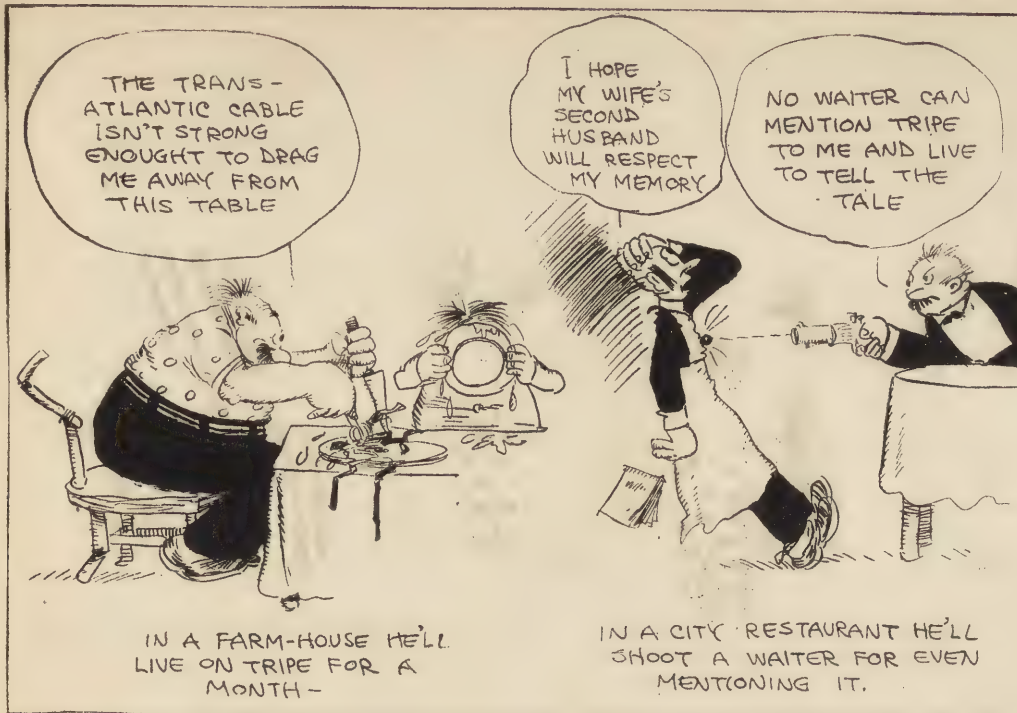
IN TWO WEEKS,
CONSOLIDATED
CAULIFLOWER, WHICH
IS NOW SELLING AT
TWO CENTS, WILL BE
WORTH \$1,000
A SHARE



HERE, TAKE
MY TWENTY
YEARS' SAVINGS
AND I'LL BE BACK
WITH SOME MORE
IF I CAN
HOCK MY
WATCH

THE WALL ST. BOOB.

ALL THE BOOBS ARE NOT IN THE BOOBY WATCH



IT ALL DEPENDS WHETHER YOU ARE LIVING IN THE CITY OR IN THE SUMMER



THERE'S NOTHING IN A NAME - AT A SUMMER HOTEL

Guy That's Homely as Sin Invariably Gathers in the Tin

Lancelot Smith Is Earning About Thirty-Five Bucks A Day
And The Handsome Bright Boy Is Selling Garlic And Hay.

Clarence Sylvester Napoleon Jones was handsome and clever and wise; at 8 he knew all of the planets and stars that are located up in the skies; at 10 he could tell you how long it would take to travel from Venus to Mars, and he wouldn't allow his old father to drink or smoke cigarettes and cigars.

KNEW IT ALL

At 20 he got about forty degrees from the College of Kalamazoo; there was nothing in Latin or Swedish or Greek that this little lad never knew. He spent several years in figuring out just why alligators can't sing, and he knew why a herring is deaf, dumb and blind — in fact, there wasn't a thing that Clarence Sylvester Napoleon Jones didn't know from beginning to end; he could tell you the size of a bumble-bee's nose and why a dill pickle won't bend.

THE OTHER FELLOW

Lancelot Smith was homely as sin, with a face that would scare away flies; his chin was a yard in front of his nose and his ears were too close to his eyes. He didn't care whether the Fourth of July came seventeen times in a year, and he didn't care whether Columbus came over on water or whiskey or beer. He didn't know why voters go to the polls and he couldn't add

seven and five; he didn't care when he was going away and he didn't care when he'd arrive.

GETS AWAY WITH IT

He hung a right hook on the school teacher's nose, and he busted his grandfather's slats; he cut up his father's pajamas and shirts and he smashed every one of his hats. He soaked his old uncle a crack on the bean and he walloped the cook on the jaw; he busted an egg on the fat grocer's neck and he chased him out of the store. The people all said he would sure land in jail, he was ignorant, wicked and rough; he'd go to his grave in a hurry 'cause he wasn't made of the right kind of stuff.

Now Clarence Sylvester Napoleon Jones sells onions and garlic and hay; his pay is a dollar and ten cents a week and he works twenty hours a day.

THE FINALE

And Lancelot Smith makes a thousand a month, as a fighter he's known far and near; he calls himself Tony, the Walloping Wop, and he has an aluminum ear.

And so, as we play the roulette wheel of life, we shouldn't have any regrets, when one fellow loses, the other one wins — we cannot cash all of our bets.



WHEN I STEPPED OFF THE BOAT
I JUMPED INTO A TAXICAB AND
RODE ACROSS THE STREET TO TAKE
IN A MUSICAL COMEDY - WHEN THE
DRIVER HANDED ME A BILL FOR
\$ 14.92 I WAS POSITIVE I
WAS IN AMERICA

PULL IN YOUR
EARS - YOU'RE
COMING TO
A TUNNEL

IT'S TIME TO
MOVE - YOUR
CEILING'S
CRACKED

TELL IT
TO THE
EMPEROR
OF CHINA

ARE YOU SURE
YOU WERE NOT
INTOXICATED
AT THE TIME?

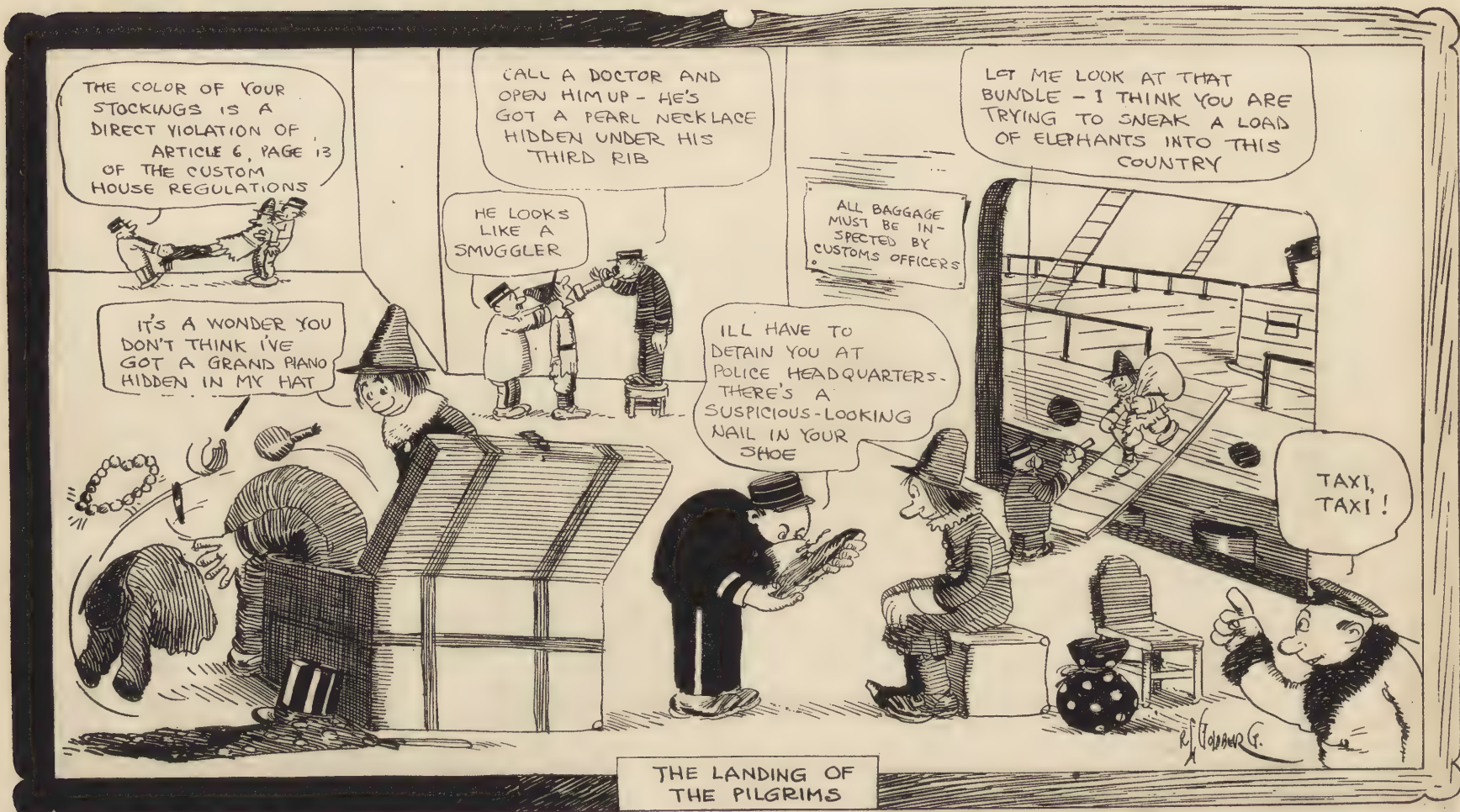
I DON'T
BELIEVE
THERE'S ANY
SUCH PLACE

HE'S SO FAR
GONE I CAN
SMELL THE
FLOWERS ON
HIS GRAVE

WHERE
ARE YOUR
PROOFS?

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,
DISCOVERER OF
AMERICA

HISTORY IN A MODERN PICTURE FRAME



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

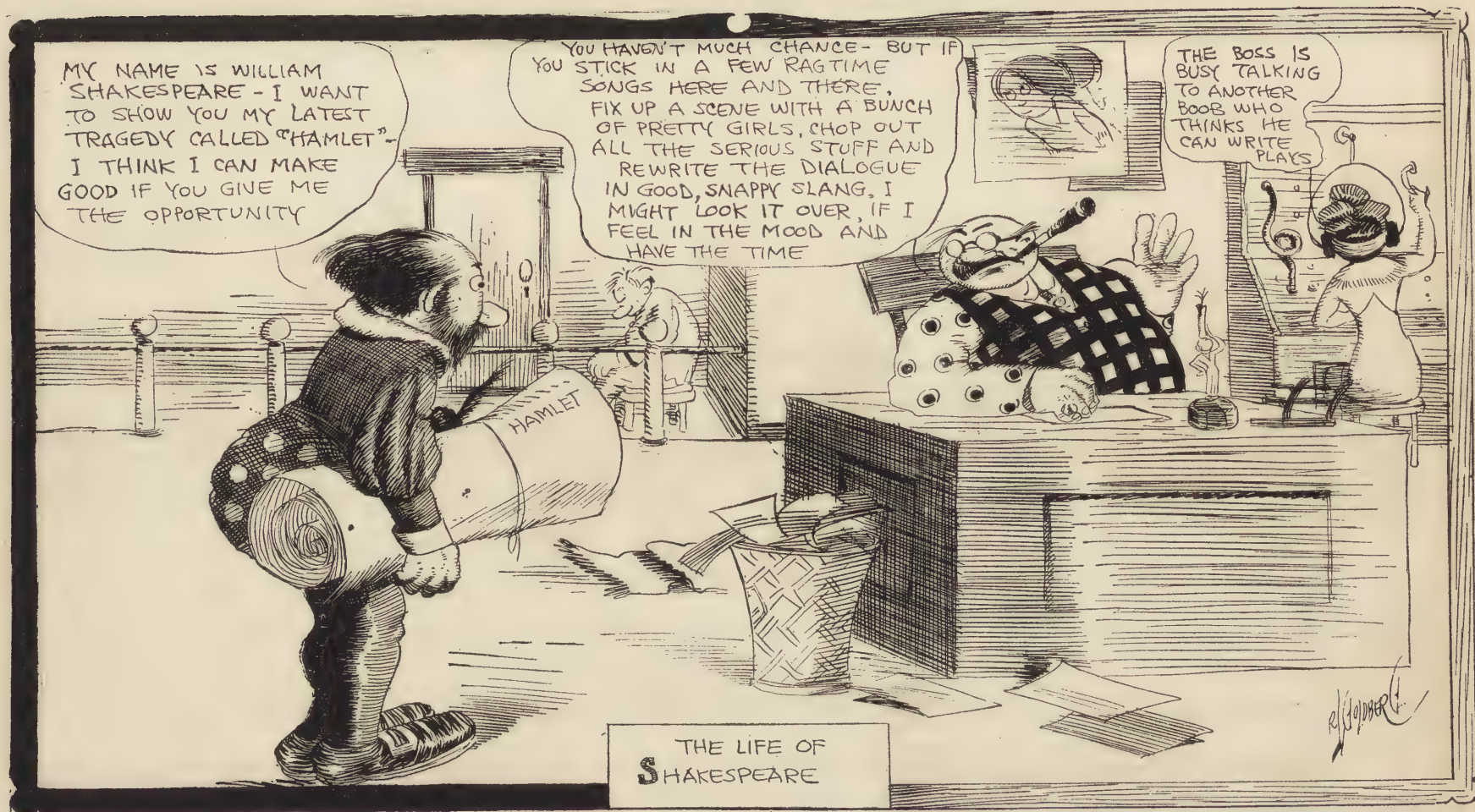
HISTORY IN A MODERN PICTURE FRAME



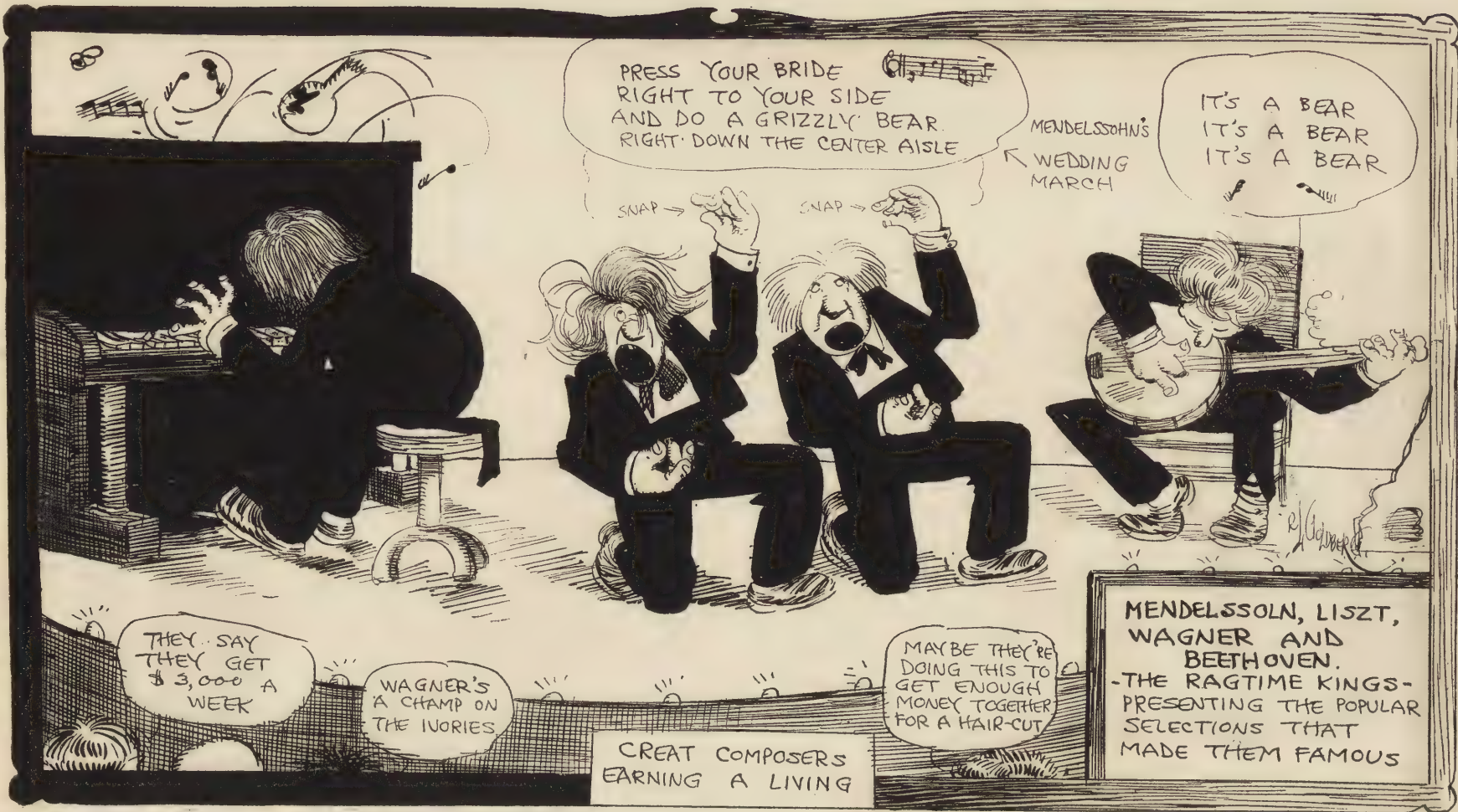
UNDER A SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE, THE VILLAGE SMITHY STANDS. WITH OILING CANS AND INNER TUBES WITHIN HIS TENDER HANDS - AND HE MAKES THE SPEEDING AUTOISTS COUGH UP WHEN HE COMMANDS. WEEK IN WEEK OUT FROM MORN TILL NIGHT, YOU CAN SEE HIM STANDING THERE, WAITING FOR BUSTED MOTOR CARS LIKE A TIGER IN HIS LAIR - AND WHEN THEY KICK ABOUT THE PRICE, YOU CAN HEAR HIM CURSE AND SWEAR.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

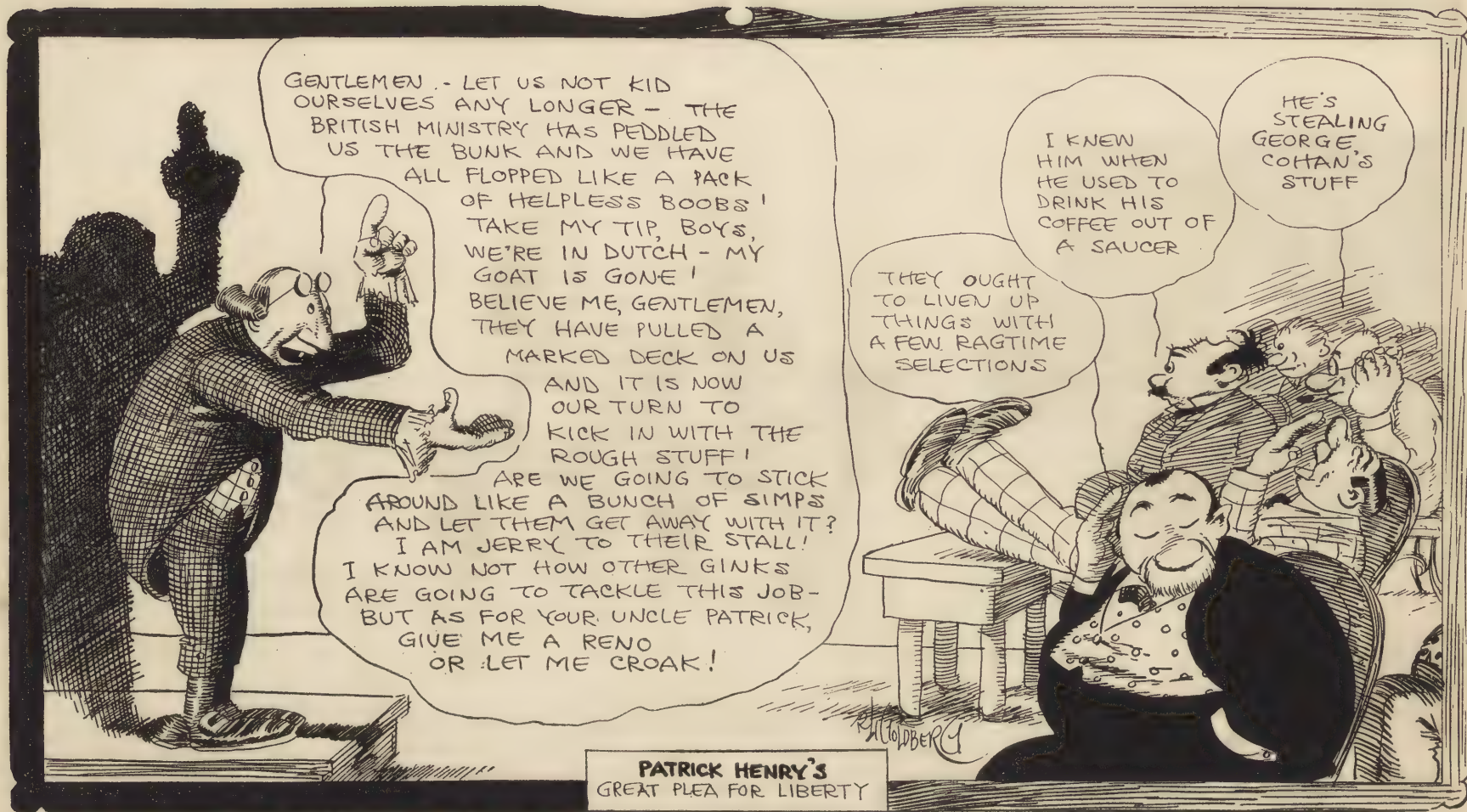
HISTORY IN A MODERN PICTURE FRAME



HISTORY IN A MODERN PICTURE FRAME



HISTORY IN A MODERN PICTURE FRAME



GENTLEMEN... LET US NOT KID OURSELVES ANY LONGER - THE BRITISH MINISTRY HAS PEDDLED US THE BUNK AND WE HAVE ALL FLOPPED LIKE A PACK OF HELPLESS BOOBS! TAKE MY TIP, BOYS, WE'RE IN DUTCH - MY GOAT IS GONE!

BELIEVE ME, GENTLEMEN, THEY HAVE PULLED A MARKED DECK ON US AND IT IS NOW OUR TURN TO KICK IN WITH THE ROUGH STUFF!

ARE WE GOING TO STICK AROUND LIKE A BUNCH OF SIMPS AND LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT? I AM JERRY TO THEIR STALL! I KNOW NOT HOW OTHER GINKS ARE GOING TO TACKLE THIS JOB - BUT AS FOR YOUR UNCLE PATRICK, GIVE ME A RENO OR LET ME CROAK!

I KNEW HIM WHEN HE USED TO DRINK HIS COFFEE OUT OF A SAUCER

HE'S STEALING GEORGE COHAN'S STUFF

THEY OUGHT TO LIVEN UP THINGS WITH A FEW RAGTIME SELECTIONS

PATRICK HENRY'S
GREAT PLEA FOR LIBERTY

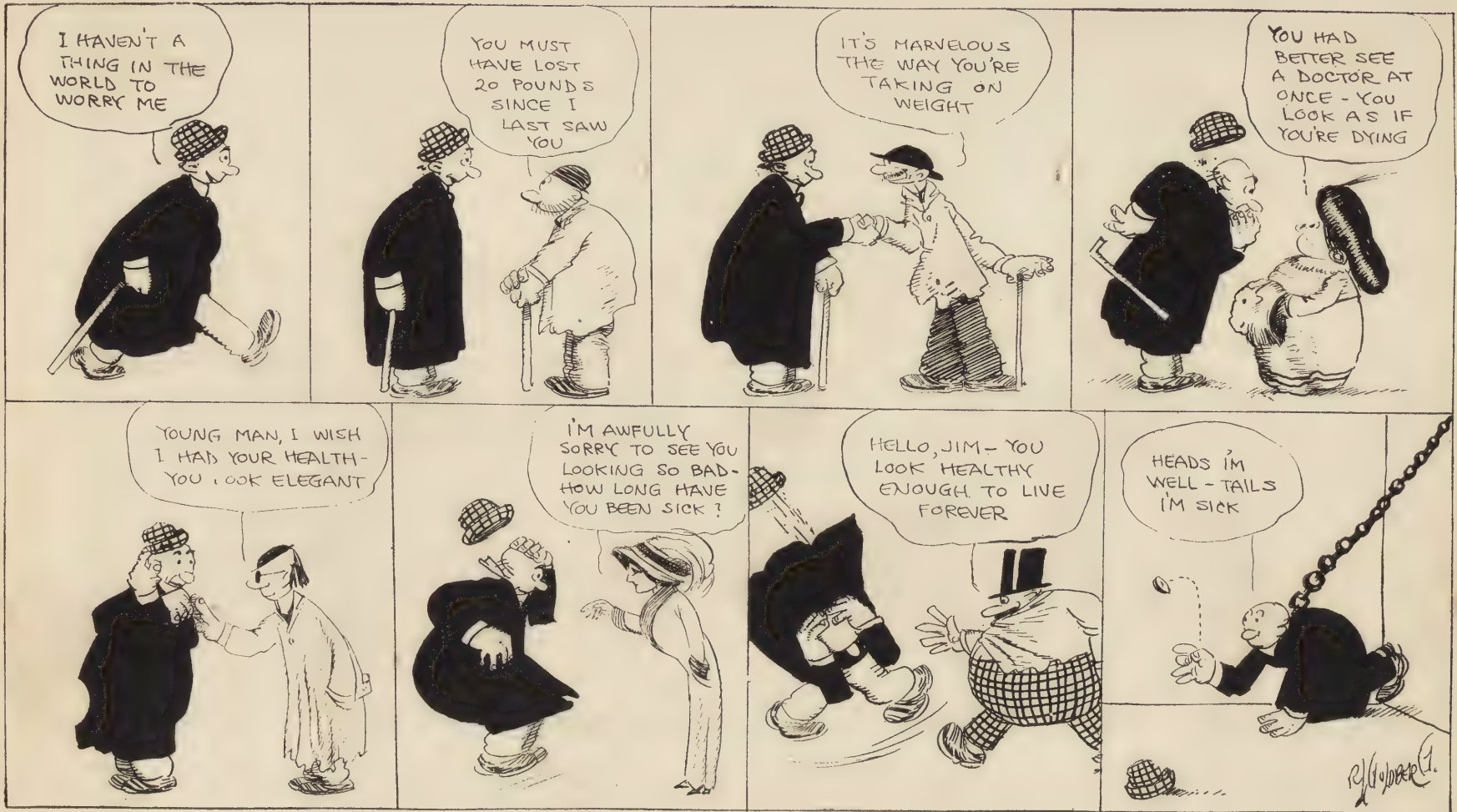
HISTORY IN A MODERN PICTURE FRAME



YOU CAN'T GET SOMETHING FOR NOTHING — NOT EVEN A FEW KIND WORDS



DIVIDE EVERYTHING YOU READ BY TEN — AND THEN YOU'RE WRONG



AT THAT, YOUR FRIENDS MUST SAY SOMETHING WHEN THEY MEET YOU



YOU WON'T FEEL THE PAIN-YOU'LL BE UNCONSCIOUS

DENTIST

EVERYBODY THINKS HIS OFFICE IS THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.



OF COURSE IT IS ONLY THIRTY-FIVE CENTS BUT IT MEANS A LOT TO MY CLIENT

BILL-COLLECTOR

HE ISN'T EVEN WELCOME IN JAIL



THAT SINK SHOULDN'T LEAK-I HAD IT FIXED NINE YEARS AGO

LANDLORD

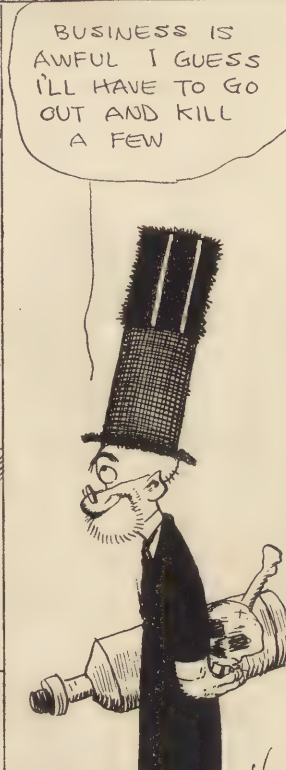
ALL THE TENANTS HOPE HE CHOKES.



TWO BITS DOWN AND A NICKEL A WEEK - IN FORTY YEARS YOU OWN THE BOOK

BOOK AGENT

THE ONLY THING ANYBODY GIVES HIM WILLINGLY IS. POISON.



BUSINESS IS AWFUL I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO OUT AND KILL A FEW

UNDERTAKER

THE ONLY PLACE WHERE HE CAN FEEL AT HOME IS IN A CEMETERY.



IT WASNT MY FAULT IF THE COOK DROPPED A PAIR OF CUFF BUTTONS IN THE SOUP

WAITER

HE NEVER GETS A KIND WORD FROM ANYBODY.

THE SIX MOST UNPOPULAR MEN ON EARTH

Lingo Expert Visits Office

We were just struggling around the office in the throes of a delirium of oblivion yesterday afternoon when in walks a bulky gentleman clad in a red sweater, a dinky cap and other articles of wearing apparel that bespeak high-class pugilism.

"Ah!" we thought, "here is a messenger from the gods. He will save our unsullied young reputation with a big news item." We bade him enter, and he lurched right into the middle of his business without any preliminary stalling. Here is what he shot over:

"Get me, cull, get me. Don't take me for a Joe Magee trying to horn in with the soft stuff. I took it on the Arthur Duffy from right field to slip you the jerry on a big number. I'm holding the cards, see! I'm no shilaber. Am I delivered? Don't get huffy; don't get huffy. I'll bet the limit. Just keep your feet close to the pavement:

"I'm Tuesday to the pen junk. No, I haven't been flirting with the bamboo. While I'm not wearing any wings on my benny, still I'm three sheets in the wind and rigged to travel to the last island in the ocean with any Philip who wants to lean against the leather.

"I just yegged a couple of coppers on the way up to limber up my lunch hooks.

"Say, Monk, pipe my alcove. Get hep, get hep! Don't glim me for a Romeo. Make my Webster! Take a Brodie and ease me a rumble. I'm the guy that put the alkali in the desert. Cheese! Cheese! Nix on the Eden Musee stuff. Give me a Dr. Cook and flash the type. I'm hunk on Johnson.

"Pipe while I Weston myself to the nearest duck soup cave. Bloughie!"

When we awoke our pugilistic friend had went.



HELLO, LEM - YOU MUST COME UP TO MY HOUSE THIS EVENING AND GET A REAL HOME DINNER - NOTHING FANCY BUT EVERYTHING GOOD AND NOURISHING



NOW, LEM, DON'T BE BASHFUL - THERE'S MORE SOUP OUT IN THE KITCHEN



JUST ACT AS YOU WOULD IN YOUR OWN HOME - TAKE A DOZEN SLICES OF BREAD

TRY AN ARMFUL OF THESE FISH CAKES - WE HAVE THEM FOUR TIMES A WEEK

DON'T BE SO SHY - I COOKED THESE LAMB CHOPS MYSELF



WHEN YOU FINISH THAT CUP, LEM, HAVE A FEW MORE - I BUY MY COFFEE WHOLESALE



THE APPLES IN THIS PIE COST ME 10¢ A PIECE - BUT NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR OUR GUESTS

WHILE THE WIFE IS WASHING THE DISHES WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE SMOKE - HERE, LEM, PUT TWENTY OR THIRTY IN YOUR POCKET



A PAIR OF EGGS WITH THE DOORS OPEN



HOSPITALITY IS A BEAUTIFUL THING, IF YOU ONLY TREAT IT KINDLY



TOUCHING FAREWELL OF A MAN WHO IS GOING TO STOP SMOKING ON THE FIRST.

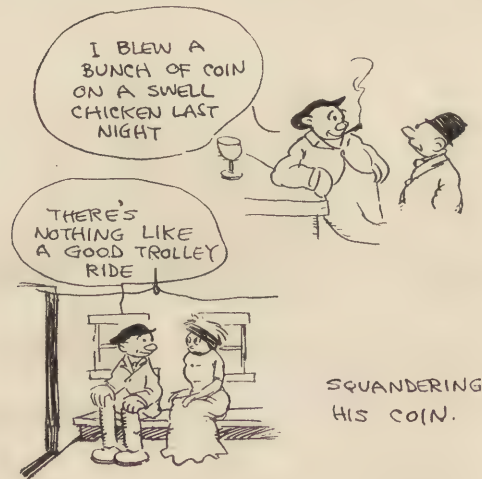
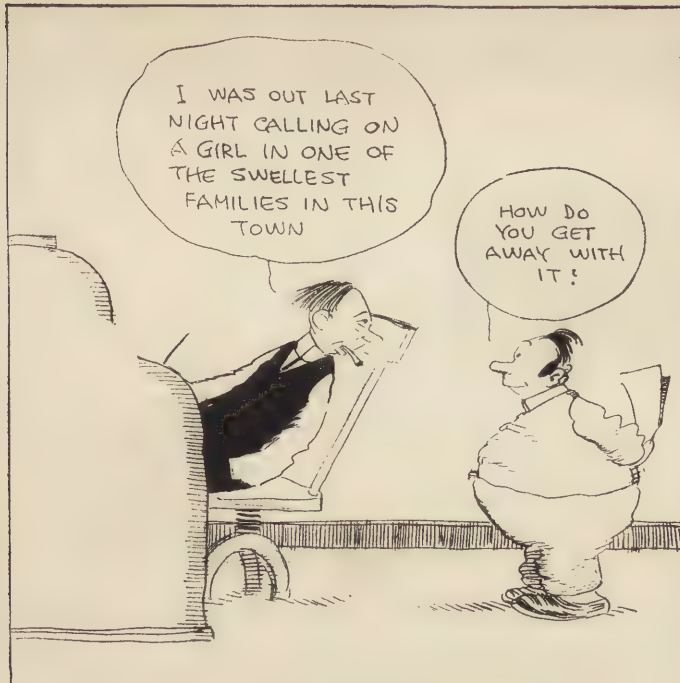


THE NEW YEAR SERENADE.

"OFF THE STUFF" OR "PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW"



IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT NOTHING, GO TO THE DEPOT



DON'T WASTE YOUR ENVY ON THE BUSH-LEAGUE ROMEOs

The Philanthropist — A Play

By J. PHILLIP ONION

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOHN T. SOUPLADLE, clubman.
SAMUEL CHEESECLOTH.
JOEL ROSEWOOD.
SHOEMAKER.
FLORIST.
PERFUMER.
PIANO TUNER.
GAS MAN.
TOMPKINS, Soupladle's valet.

DUMB-WAITER.
CLOTHES CHUTE.
FLOOR.
CEILING.
WALLS.
CARPET.
TELEPHONE DIRECTORY.
TRADESMEN.

SCENE: *Library of Soupladle's apartment.*

Soupladle is discovered lying on the floor reading the telephone directory.

SOUPLADLE (*to an empty chair*): After all, there's no companion like a good book. (*Knock on door.*) Come in. (*Enter Cheesecloth, tailor*)

CHEESECLOTH: I have come to collect \$76.55 for the fancy vest I made you in the fall of 1892. (*S. rings bell. Enter Tompkins.*)

SOUPLADLE: Tompkins, throw this gentleman down the dumb-waiter. (*Exit Tompkins and Cheesecloth struggling.*)

SOUPLADLE (*to wall paper*): As I was saying, literature is to life what smothered onions are to a steak. (*Knock on door.*) Come in. (*Enter Joel Rosewood, furniture dealer.*)

ROSEWOOD: Either pay me my \$824.97 or give me back my dining-room set. (*S. presses button. Enter Tompkins.*)

SOUPLADLE: Tompkins, push this gentleman into the clothes chute.

(*Exit Tompkins and Rosewood battling.*)

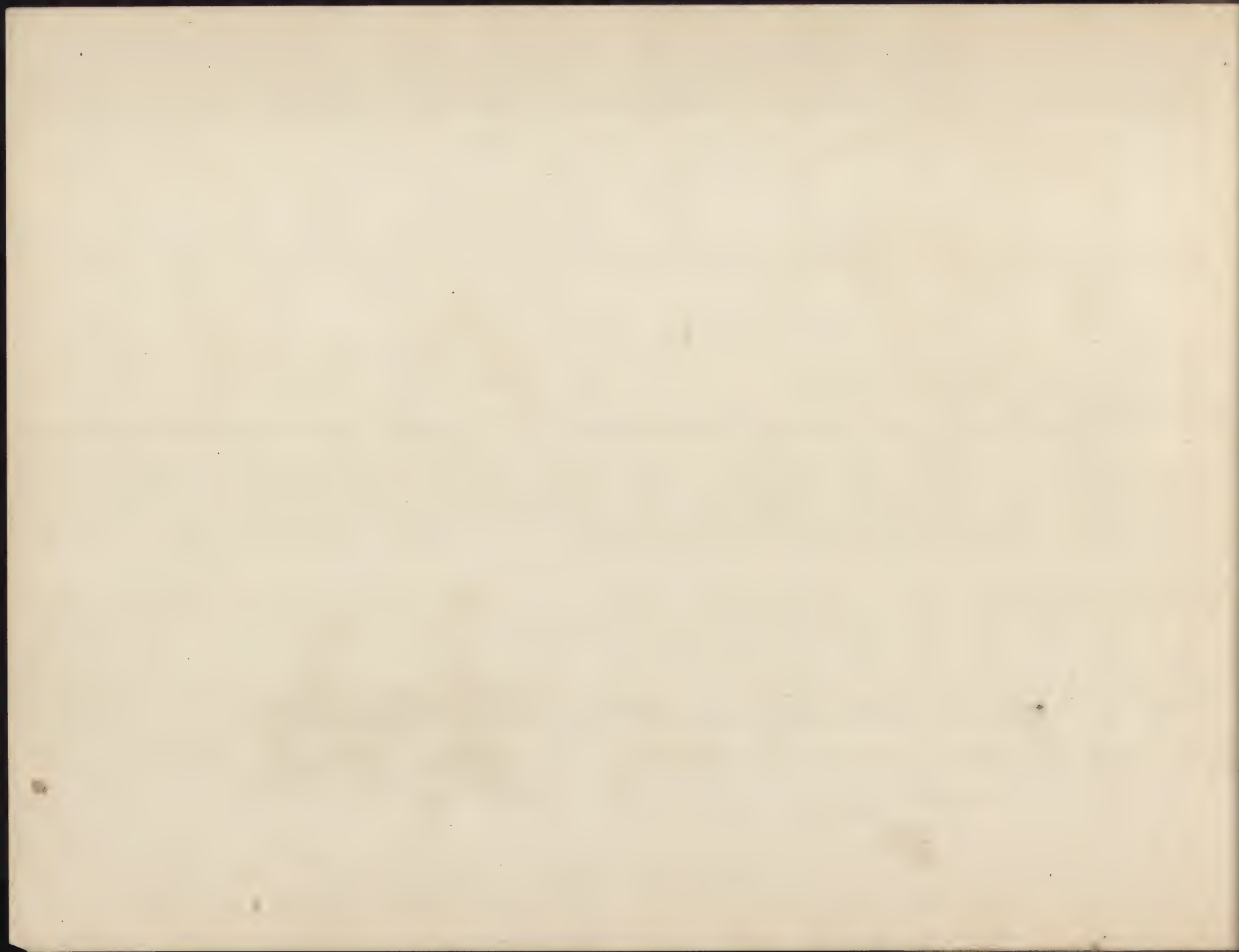
SOUPLADLE (*to cuspidor*): Shakespeare was the Wolgast of his day. (*Violent noise outside. Door bursts open. Enter shoemaker, florist, piano tuner, gas man, butcher and twenty other tradesmen.*)

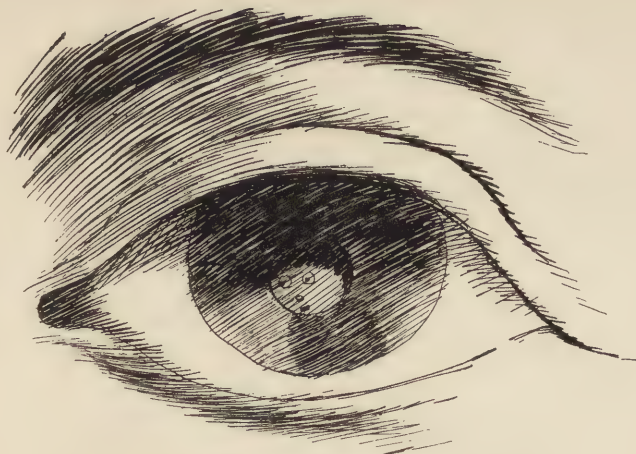
TRADESMEN (*in chorus*): We want our money! (*S. presses button. Enter Tompkins.*)

SOUPLADLE: Tompkins, give these gentlemen the Degree of the Loose Plank. (*Tompkins pulls lever on wall, floor opens and tradesmen disappear.*)

SOUPLADLE: Tompkins, bring me my hat, coat, gloves and cane. I will be late for my lecture on "The Uplift of the Working Classes" before the Society for the Emancipation of Labor.

CURTAIN





PHOTOGRAPH OF A MAN'S EYE.

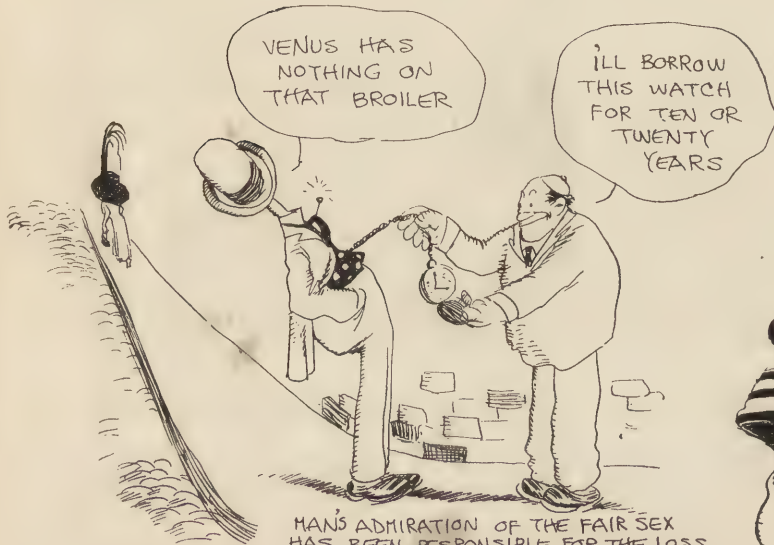


NOW, WE CAN CALL OUR CONCERN "THE CONSOLIDATED TOOTH-PICK COMPANY OF AMERICA" AND INCORPORATE FOR \$60,000,000

SHE'S A QUEEN!

TRANSACTIONING AN IMPORTANT BUSINESS DEAL AT LUNCH.

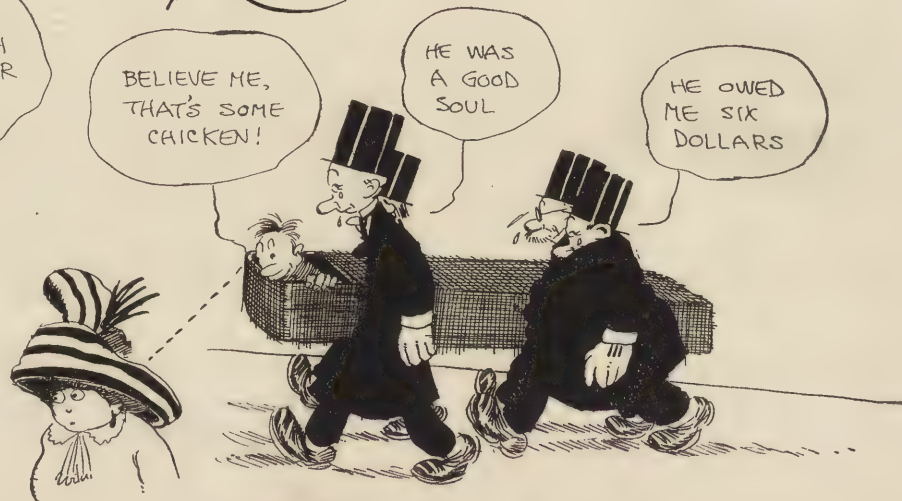
R. Goldenf.



VENUS HAS NOTHING ON THAT BROILER

I'LL BORROW THIS WATCH FOR TEN OR TWENTY YEARS

MAN'S ADMIRATION OF THE FAIR SEX HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LOSS OF MAN'S A GOOD WATCH



BELIEVE ME, THAT'S SOME CHICKEN!

HE WAS A GOOD SOUL

HE OWED ME SIX DOLLARS

ONE LAST LOOK.

FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE, FIRST IN THE EYES OF HER COUNTRYMEN



MRS. SARDINE'S RECIPES.

PRUNE OMELET:-

TAKE ONE YOUNG PRUNE AND SLAP IT IN THE FACE WITH A DILL PICKLE - TALK TO IT FOR TEN MINUTES, ADD AN ARFUL OF KINDLING WOOD AND SOAK IN CHLOROFORM - SWEETEN WITH HORSE-RADISH AND SERVE WITH A BICYCLE PUMP.



MME. LA MOLE'S BEAUTY HINTS

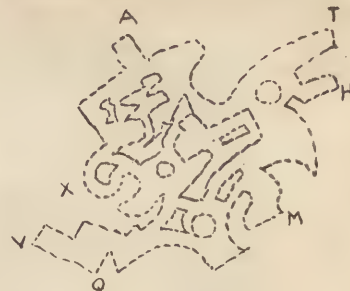
FILL A COAL SCUTTLE WITH WHITE-WASH AND COMPLETELY SUBMERGE THE FACE - REMAIN THIS WAY FOR TWO HOURS AND YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE YOURSELF.

HOME REMEDIES



ALWAYS KEEP AN AXE IN THE HOUSE IN CASE OF SICKNESS - SEVERAL SHARP TAPS ON TOP OF THE HEAD WILL REMOVE ALL SYMPTOMS -

IT IS ALWAYS WISE TO LIVE IN A NEIGHBORHOOD CONVENIENT TO AN UNDERTAKING PARLOR.



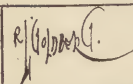
THE MATTEAWAN SHIRTTWAIST.

LAY DESIGN OVER A TURKISH TOWEL AND CUT ALONG DOTTED LINES - SOAK TOWEL IN MAYONNAISE SAUCE AND SHIRTTWAIST IS READY FOR WEARING.



THE CUSPIDOR HAT

DON'T FORGET TO REMOVE ALL CIGARETTE AND CIGAR BUTTS BEFORE PUTTING ON THE HAT.



THE IDEAL HUSBAND

GIRLS, THERE'S ONLY ONE KIND OF A MAN WORTH MARRYING - CORRAL A JOHN WHO WILL SMILE WHEN YOU SOAK HIM WITH A ROLLING PIN, WHO WILL HAND YOU ALL HIS SALARY AT THE END OF THE WEEK, WHO WILL WEAR THE SHIRTS YOU BUY FOR HIM, WHO WILL PLAY PINOCCHLE WITH YOUR AFFINITY AND WILL FALL IN FRONT OF A STREET CAR AFTER TAKING OUT HEAVY INSURANCE.



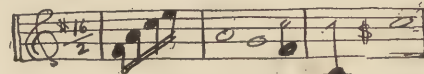
THE DAILY EXERCISE.

DRAG YOURSELF OUT OF THE HAY AT 6 A.M., WALK INTO THE PARLOR AND LIFT THE PIANO GENTLY FROM THE FLOOR - HOLD THE PIANO IN THE PALM OF THE RIGHT HAND ALL MORNING WHILE ATTENDING TO YOUR HOUSEHOLD DUTIES - THIS STRENGTHENS THE KNEES AND ELBOWS - IF YOU HAVE NO PIANO, AN AUTOMOBILE WILL DO.



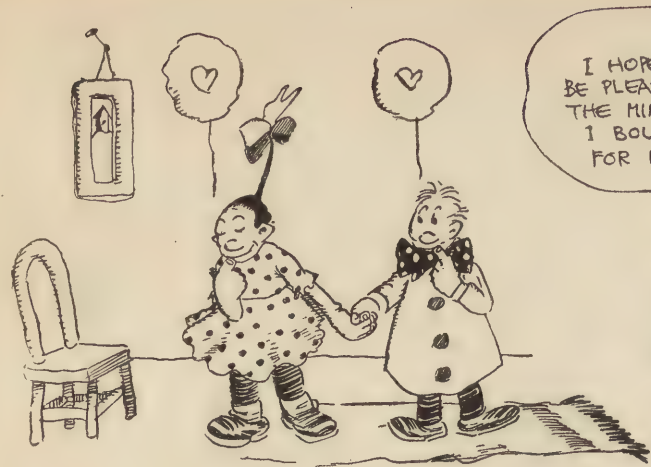
THE AUTOMATIC NURSE GIRL

TAKES EXCELLENT CARE OF THE BABY WHILE THE FOLKS ARE OUT ATTENDING A DOG FIGHT.

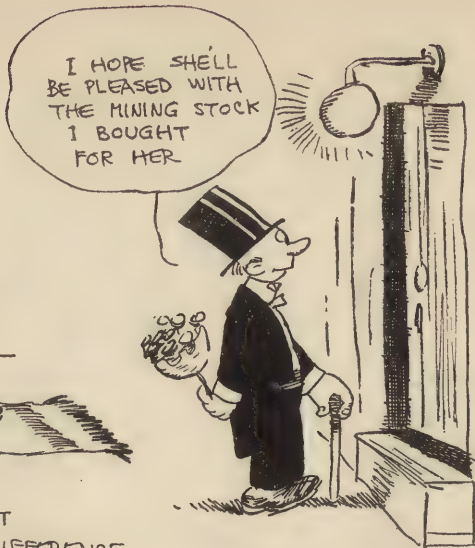


JULIA'S LULLABY

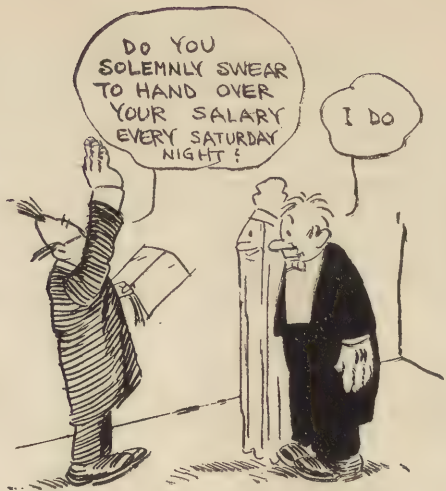
IT'S GONNA BE DARK TONIGHT TONIGHT, IT'S GONNA BE DARK TONIGHT, AND IF IT IS DARK TONIGHT TONIGHT IT WILL SURELY BE DARK TONIGHT.



YOU DO THE ROMEO ACT
BEFORE YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN ARITHMETIC AND GEOGRAPHY—



I HOPE SHE'LL
BE PLEASED WITH
THE MINING STOCK
I BOUGHT
FOR HER



DO YOU
SOLEMNLY SWEAR
TO HAND OVER
YOUR SALARY
EVERY SATURDAY
NIGHT?

I DO

THEN THE "REAL" ONE COMES -
ALONG AND YOU SIGN
ARTICLES TO A FINISH—

WHEN YOU ARE OLD
ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER
YOU ARE HANGING AROUND
THE STAGE DOOR WAITING TO
SPEND YOUR OLD MAN'S COIN
ON A SWELL PRIMA DONNA—



BELIEVE
ME, SHE'S
SOME KID!

AND, AFTER THAT, YOU WONDER WHY YOU
PICKED OUT YOUR WIFE WHEN THERE ARE
SO MANY SWELL QUEENS FLOATING AROUND—



I'LL LET YOU WEAR
ALL THE CLOTHES LEFT
BY MY FOUR OTHER
WIVES

AS SOON AS YOU BECOME A
WIDOWER, YOU FLOP RIGHT
BACK INTO THE SAME GAME—

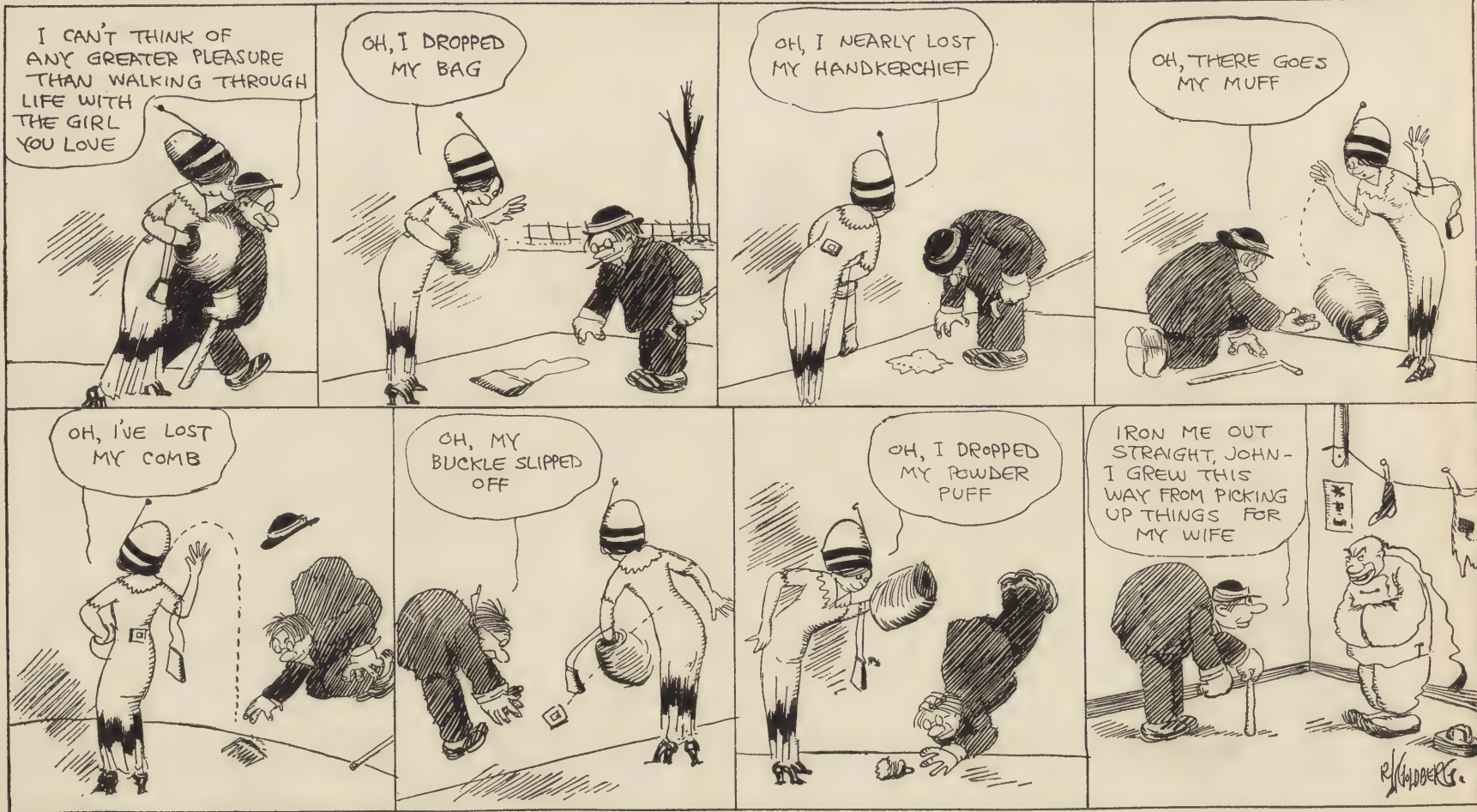


YOU HAVE
THREE MORE
MINUTES TO
LIVE

YOU HAVE
EYES JUST LIKE
MY POOR OLD
MOTHER'S

AND, LASTLY, WHEN THE UNDERTAKER
IS DRIVING IN YOUR DIRECTION AT FULL
SPEED, YOU ARE TRYING TO START
SOMETHING WITH THE NURSE +

LIFE IS JUST ONE — GIRL AFTER ANOTHER!



EVEN THEN, YOU CAN'T GET SORE AT HER

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A PHONOGRAPH RECORD MADE AND SAVE YOURSELF A LOT OF TROUBLE?

AS A RULE I NEVER MAKE A FUSS OVER THE GIRLS-BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR EYES THAT APPEALS TO THE POETRY IN MY NATURE

"FLOSSIE PLUSH, PITTSBURG" - THAT SOUNDS PROMISING

FOR THE LAST TIME I REPEAT- WE HAVE CHEESE LEMONADE, ONION ICE, TOMATO CAKE AND GLUE PUDDING

SHE IS SO BEAUTIFUL THAT IF I TOLD YOU THE TRUTH YOU'D THINK I WAS LYING

HAS SHE GOT A SISTER!



HE DELIVERS THE SAME SPEECH 367 TIMES A WEEK

LOOKING OVER THE ARRIVALS

THE ALL-ABSORBING TOPIC.

I THINK SHE'S GIVING ME A RUMBLE

DON'T HIT YOUR HEAD SO HARD- YOU MIGHT HURT THE HAMMER

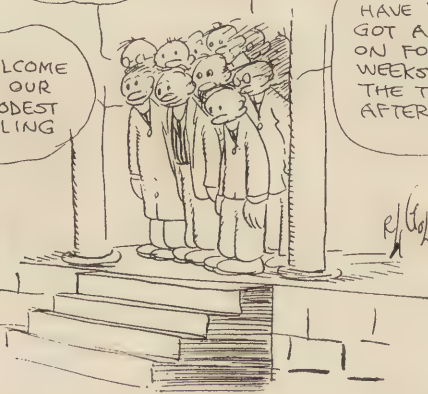
THIS WAY TO THE BEAR PIT

I HAVE EVERY EVENING OPEN THIS WEEK BUT WEDNESDAY

HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING ON FOR TWO WEEKS FROM THE TUESDAY AFTER NEXT?

EVERY TIME A NEW ONE ARRIVES SHE IS MET AT THE ENTRANCE BY ALL THE UNATTACHED MALE GUESTS

WELCOME TO OUR MODEST DWELLING



ANYTHING TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE SUMMER QUEENS

Ed Gearty

GIRLS, PLUS GIRLS, TIMES GIRLS, MULTIPLIED BY GIRLS, EQUALS VACATION

The Delirium — A Novel

BY WRIGHT JUNK

CHAPTER ONE

Ammonia sat gazing out upon the moor. She did not hear the shrill cry of a lonely wolf. She was deaf.

CHAPTER TWO

In a two-dollar-a-week hall room of a cheap New York lodging house, on a cold hard bed far removed from the better things of life, lay a thin young man in the throes of a delirium. He had smoked a campaign cigar.

CHAPTER THREE

It was just twenty-seven days, six hours and forty-five seconds since gray-haired old Mrs. Brussels Sprouts, widow of Captain Sprouts, the gallant soldier who lost his life in the Battle of Finnan Haddie during the Civil War, sent her only son and sole support to the butcher's for three yards of frankfurters. Her eyes were red and her cheeks were sunken from long hours of watching for her boy.

"He must have eaten the sausage and died," she sobbed.

CHAPTER FOUR

Ammonia was the sausage man's daughter and she wondered why Eric did not come. Her woman's intuition told her that he was in distress. She wished she could rush to his side.

But she knew not where to rush.

Suddenly a strong hand grabbed her by the ear. She felt herself being lifted by an unseen force into a quick-moving vehicle and whisked away to unknown regions.

When she awoke she was seated in front of a shabby piano, gazing at the title page of a piece of music which read, "Light of My Life, Come Home, Come Home, the Soup is Growing Cold."

She turned and saw her lover.

CHAPTER FIVE

"Eric!" she cried.

"Ammonia!" he exclaimed.

They fell into each other's arms and then fell into a six-dollar ornament representing a dying gladiator.

CHAPTER SIX

Eric and Ammonia were radiant.

They walked sixty-five miles out into the wilderness to break the news to Eric's mother. The old woman was still waiting at the window.

"Mother!" yelled Eric and as he dashed into the house and knocked over the hat-rack, "I have brought home my bride."

But his mother sat cold and motionless. The young folks were stupefied with horror.

"Speak, mother, for God's sake, speak!" cried the frantic son.

She replied, "Where is the sausage?"

I WANT TO GET A STYLISH STRAW HAT - DON'T SPARE ANY PAINS OR EXPENSE BECAUSE MY WIFE IS VERY PARTICULAR HOW I LOOK



I'LL HAVE TO CHISEL OFF THIS CORNER TO GIVE YOU A PROPER FIT



IF I REMOVE A PIECE OF YOUR BRAIN BY MISTAKE I'LL PUT IT BACK



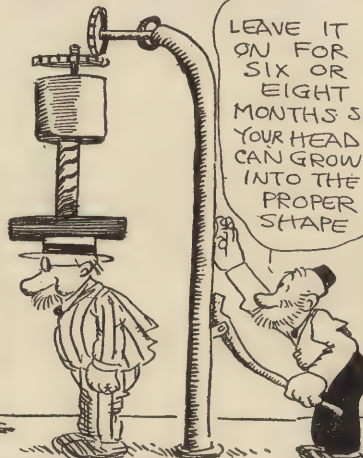
I CAN SMOOTH OFF THIS SIDE WITH A FEW BLASTS OF DYNAMITE



I'LL HAVE TO FILL OUT THIS GROOVE WITH A LITTLE SAWDUST



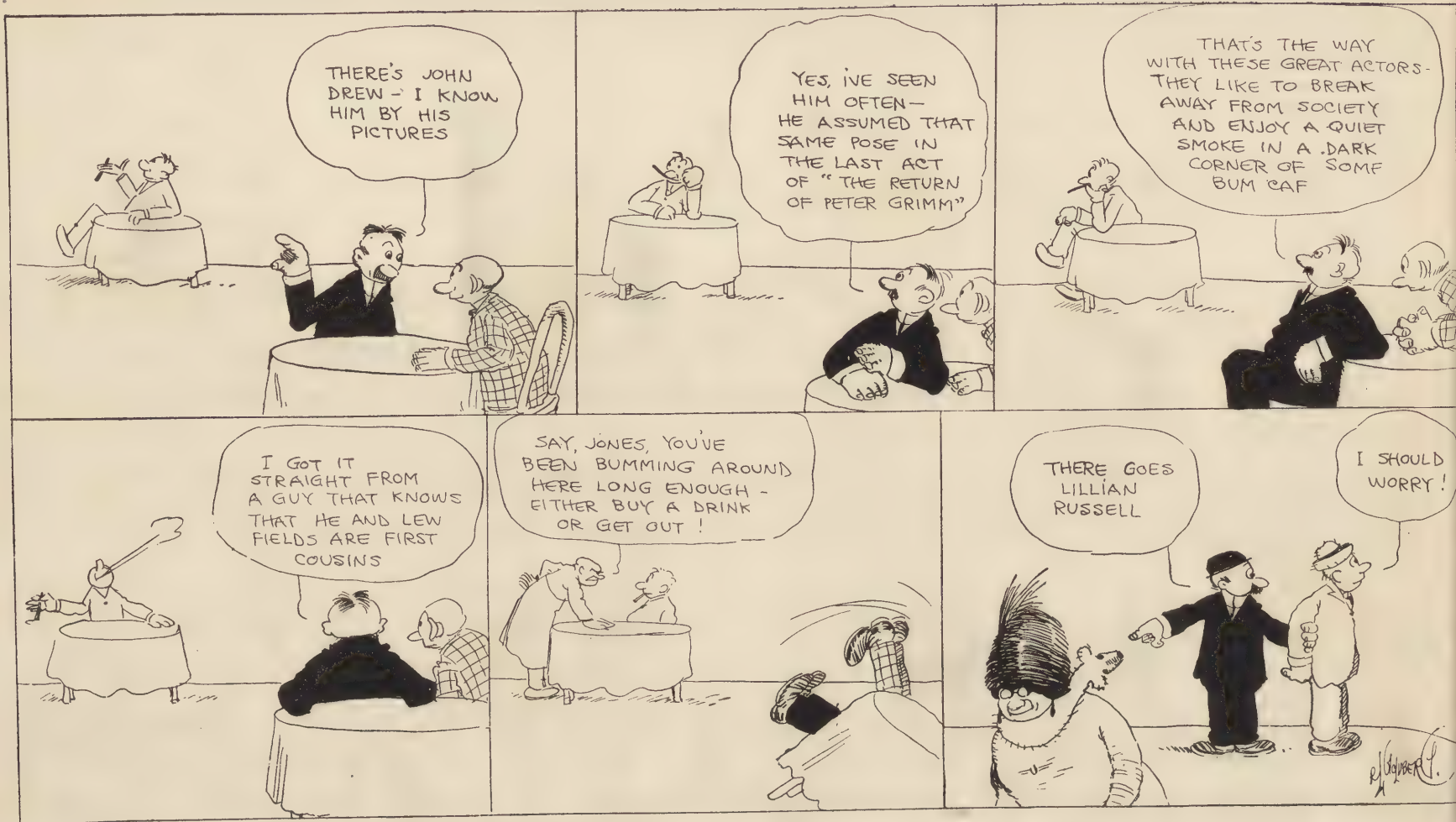
LEAVE IT ON FOR SIX OR EIGHT MONTHS SO YOUR HEAD CAN GROW INTO THE PROPER SHAPE



THAT'S A BUM HAT - YOU MEN DON'T TAKE TIME TO SELECT SOMETHING BECOMING



YOU CAN GO THROUGH FIRE AND WATER TO PLEASE YOUR WIFE — AND THEN SHE ISN'T PLEASED



IT MUST BE GREAT TO BE POSTED ON ALL THE BIG CELEBRITIES



AREN'T SOME PEOPLE JUST TOO SOCIABLE FOR ANYTHING



ELIAS CRABFLAKE

MR. ELIAS CRABFLAKE, WHO FOR YEARS HAS BEEN A MEMBER OF THE CONSOLIDATED CHEESE CO., REMARKED WHILE EATING LUNCHEON WITH ME AT THE "LAST CHANCE",

"I ATTRIBUTE MY SUCCESS TO THE FACT THAT I BELIEVE IN PERSONAL ADVERTISING. I ACT LIKE A CHEESE, FEEL LIKE A CHEESE & LOOK LIKE A CHEESE."

MR. CRABFLAKE'S WORK IS COMPLETE - HE IS THOROUGHLY CHEESEY.



HON. JOHN A. LEATHERFACE

MR. JOHN A. LEATHERFACE THE PEANUT MAGNATE, STARTED HIS CAREER IN THE FOAM DEPARTMENT OF A BREWERY. HE IS A SELF-MADE MAN & LOOKS IT - HE SPENDS FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVERTISING AND IS PROUD OF IT - MR. LEATHERFACE IS ALSO A GREAT PHILANTHROPIST. HE RECENTLY GAVE A KNIFE & FORK TO THE CITY FOR THE FOUNDATION OF A MUNICIPAL RESTAURANT.



MISS THERESA EGG

WOMEN ARE FAST BECOMING GREAT FACTORS IN THE ADVERTISING GAME - MISS THERESA EGG OCCUPIES A POSITION OF HONOR & RESPONSIBILITY IN A LARGE DELICATESSEN STORE MARKING PRICES ON FRANKFURTERS -

SHE IS A CHARMING YOUNG WOMAN AND SUPPORTS THREE EX-HUSBANDS AND A CAT.

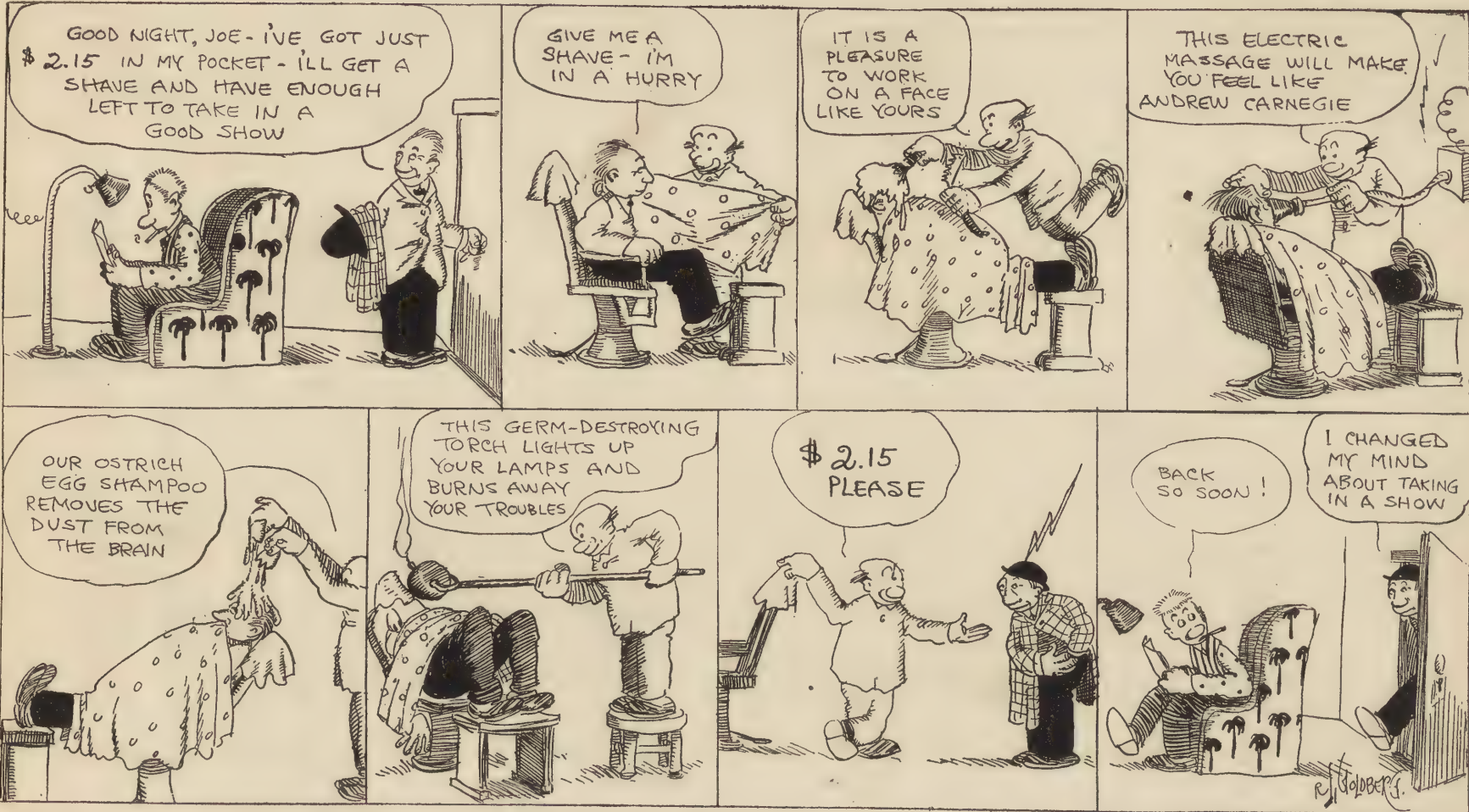


PROFESSOR SQUINT

ERIC SQUINT Z.X., PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DULUTH, SPEAKING OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADVERTISING, SAYS,

"HOW CAN YOU SELL AN ARTICLE UNLESS YOU LET PEOPLE KNOW YOU WANT TO SELL IT?"

IT TOOK THE PROFESSOR YEARS TO FIGURE THIS OUT AND ALL MERCHANTS SHOULD PROFIT BY IT - THE PROFESSOR IS INDEED A BRILLIANT SCHOLAR.



YOU HAVE TO GO SOME TO BEAT THE BARBER TO A PIECE OF LOOSE CHANGE



WHY DO NEW CLOTHES ALWAYS INSIST ON GETTING MUSSUED?

I NOW TAKE GREAT PLEASURE
IN PRESENTING THAT STALWART
CITIZEN, JUDGE A.P. BANANA,
OUR CANDIDATE FOR CHIEF OF
THE BUREAU OF ASH CANS



THEY SAY
HE WAS
EDUCATED
AT SING SING
UNIVERSITY



THE ONLY BENCH THIS JUDGE
EVER SERVED ON WAS LOCATED
IN THE PARK.

OH, GENERAL,
IT MUST BE
LOVELY TO
GET SHOT



I DON'T
KNOW-
I WAS
ONLY HALF
SHOT

IF THIS "GENERAL" SAW A
BULLET, HE'D THINK IT WAS
A PILL AND SWALLOW IT

HELLO,
DOC

HELLO,
DOC

HELLO,
DOC

HELLO,
DOC



AND THEY
KNOW VERY
WELL THAT HE
IS IN THE
FISH BUSINESS.

I'M GLAD TO SEE
YOU'RE BREATHING
MUCH HEAVIER TONIGHT,
CHIEF

CAN I HELP YOU
TO SOME BIRDSEED,
CHIEF?



A MAN WITH A TITLE ALWAYS
MAKES A GOOD GUEST OF
HONOR AT A BANQUE.



ADMIRAL LUCIEN SWIVEL,
WHO ASSUMED HIS TITLE
BECAUSE HIS GREAT-GRAND-
FATHER ONCE GOT A PAIR
OF CARS FOR A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

COLONEL SMITH
COLONEL SMITH
COLONEL SMITH
COLONEL SMITH



HERE I AM



THE WORD "COLONEL"
ONLY SIGNIFIES
A MAN WITH A
FUNNY HAT

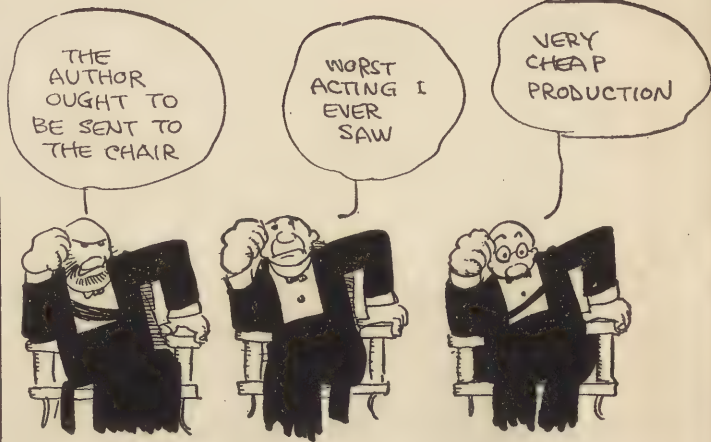
IT'S HARD TO FIND A MAN WITHOUT A TITLE



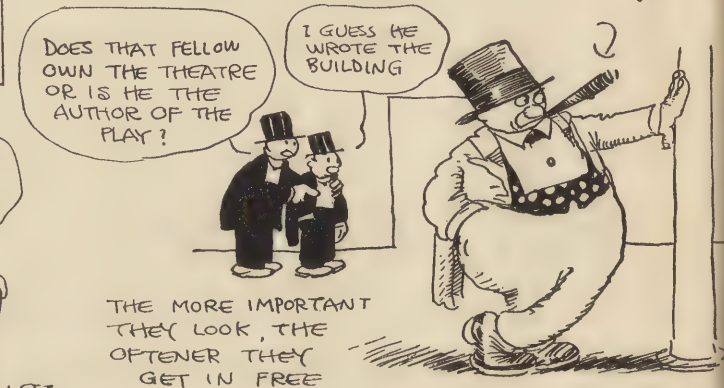
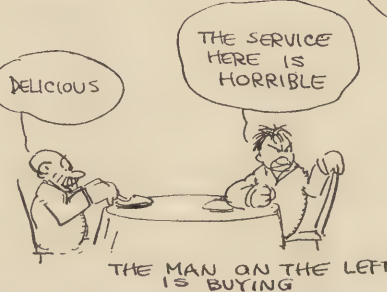
THE BIG MAN BUMMED HIS TICKET OFF THE SPORTING EDITOR.



A COMMON GERM - THE FELLOW WHO CRITICISES A GIFT GIGAR



THE FREE-TICKET FIRST-NIGHTERS ARE ALWAYS THE FIRST TO THROW THE HARPOON INTO THE SHOW



WHY IS THE MAN WHO GETS IN FOR NOTHING, ALWAYS THE MOST CRITICAL?



SAY, GIRLS, ISN'T IT EXASPERATING!

The White Hope

His face was drawn and haggard,
The spark had left his eye,
He drained his glass and cleared his throat
And heaved a heavy sigh.
As he began his story
A hush fell on the throng,
The notes that came from his dry throat
Were like a funeral song.

"No. I don't want your pity,"
He said in plaintive tones,
"Although I am a wretched thing
A bunch of skin and bones.
My story's short and funny;
You'll laugh, perhaps, my friends —
It matters not the price I've paid,
I cannot make amends.

"'Twas out in Dead Man's Prairie,
Where the air is free and clean;
My wife and I we owned a shack
The finest ever seen.
We branded all our cattle,
And they were good ones, too —
She cooked and washed and watched for me
When my hard day's work was through.

"We lived just like two children
In our kingdom in the sands;
No joy like ours was ever felt
When the preacher joined our hands.
I weighed two-fifty, solid —
Don't think I'm bragging, gents —
Although the wreck before you now
Is not worth thirty cents.

"I stood six foot in my stockings,
I never touched a drop;
When I had once made up my mind
No man could make me stop.
One day appeared a stranger
He ate our frugal fare;
Although the diamonds on his hands
Would make a mummy stare.

"He said he was an expert
In things of strength and brawn;
He charmed us with his wondrous tales
Till the birds announced the dawn.
He told me I was fated
To be a fighting man;
I had the weight, the height, the reach
And a healthy coat of tan.

"He said I'd make a million
If I entered the boxing game —
In a year or two I'd be a champ
With a great and glorious name.
I'd win Jack Johnson's title,
A real White Hope was I;
I shook his hand, then packed my grip
And kissed my wife good-bye.

"He took me to the city
And billed me far and nigh;
I punched the bag and ran for miles,
Just like a fighting guy.
The papers ran my pictures;
Reporters dogged my tracks;
I saw my wealth piled to the sky
In bulging silk-lined sacks.

“He matched me with a dead one,
They said he was a lime;
The fatal night at last arrived —
What happened was a crime.
Before I got my bearings,
He hit me on the chin;
He smashed my nose and bent my ribs
And pushed my stomach in.

“I woke up two days later,
My body writhed in pain;
I sought my clever manager;
My searching was in vain.
I wrote my wife a letter,
No answer came for me;
I heard a sailor won her heart
And took her out to sea.”

When his sad tale was finished,
He pressed his aching head;
He spied a sandwich on the bar
And he fell over dead.

SHALL I CALL
UP A SURGEON
AND TELL HIM
TO AMPUTATE
A WHITE CHIP
FROM YOUR
STACK?



THE FELLOW
THAT ALWAYS
FORGETS TO
ANTE

WHAT'S THE
USE? I HAVEN'T
HAD ANY LUCK SINCE
MY WIFE ELOPED WITH
A SAILOR - BOY,
BRING ANOTHER
DECK OF CARDS



THE FELLOW THAT
SACRIFICES TEN
YEARS OF HIS
LIFE EVERY TIME
HE FAILS TO
FILL A FLUSH

WHEN I SAW HIS
\$9000 AND RAISED
HIM \$50,000 HE
KICKED HIMSELF IN
THE CHIN AND
FELL TO THE FLOOR
UNCONSCIOUS



THE FELLOW
THAT TELLS
ABOUT BIG GAMES
IN WHICH HE SAT
IN THE EARLY
SEVENTIES.



THE FELLOW
THAT NEVER SPEAKS
BUT SUFFERS
INWARDLY

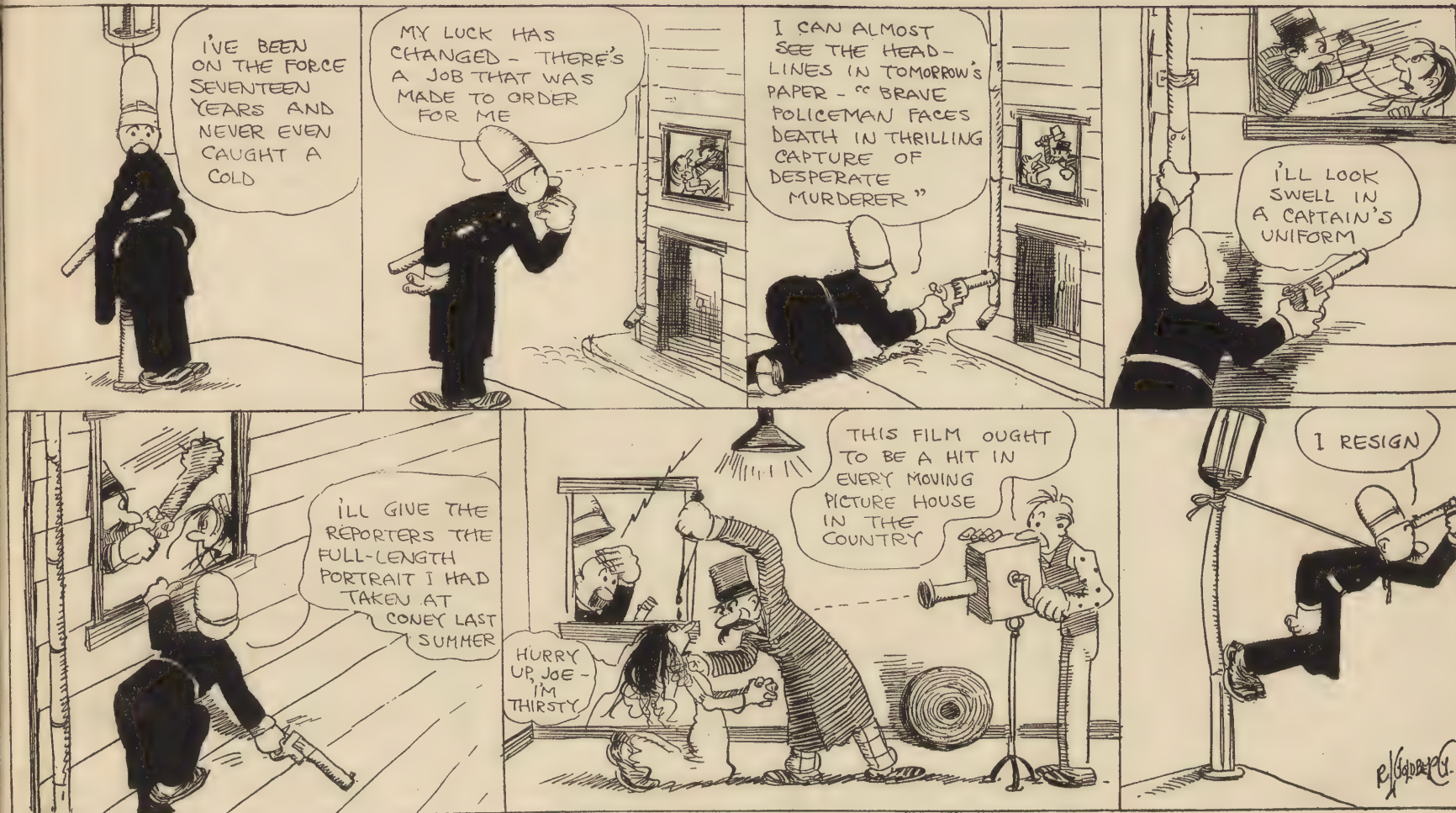
LET'S BET
THE LIMIT AND
KEEP THE
RETAILERS
OUT



THE BLUFFER.

R. GOLDBERG

A POKER GALLERY



OH NO, A POLICEMAN'S LIFE ISN'T AS EASY AS IT LOOKS

"THE RADIANT BRIDE, WHOSE BEAUTY HAS CAPTIVATED TWO CONTINENTS, ACCOMPANIED BY THE APOLLOESQUE GROOM, LEFT AMID A SHOWER OF ORCHIDS"

THE RADIANT BRIDE AND APOLLOESQUE GROOM



"STUNNING ACTRESS SLAPS MILLIONAIRE'S FACE IN PUBLIC"

THE BEWITCHING LIMOUSINE COLDREAM, FOR LOVE OF WHOM THREE KINGS, TWO DUKES AND SIX BROKERS TOOK THEIR OWN LIVES, RESENTS INSULT OF ASH-CAN MAGNATE"



"THE HEART-BROKEN MOTHER WAS AWARDED THE CUSTODY OF THEIR BEAUTIFUL TWO-YEAR-OLD CHILD"

THE BEAUTIFUL CHILD



"SHE WAS A CREDIT TO THE CAUSE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE - HANDSOME, CHARMING, TALENTED, EDUCATED, WINSOME, STATUESQUE AND MAGNETIC"

HER

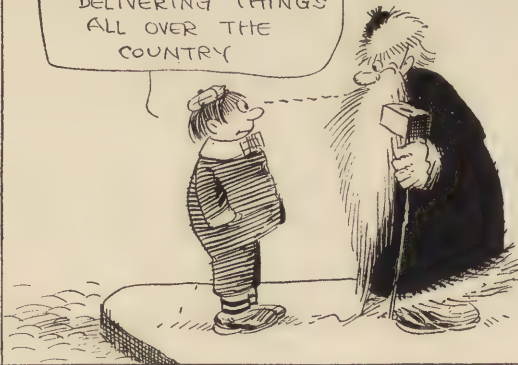


THEY ALL LOOK GOOD IN THE PAPERS

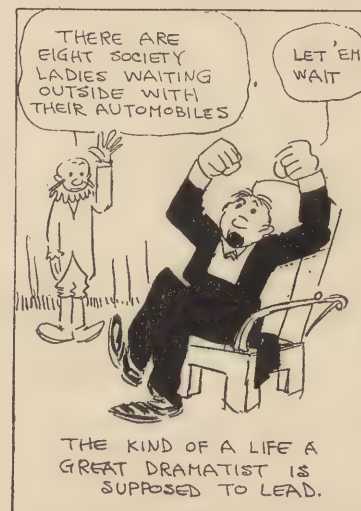
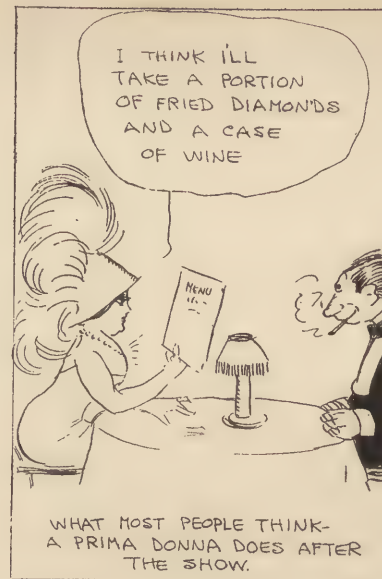
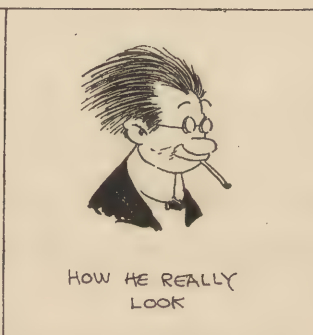
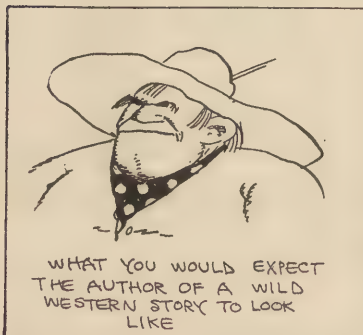
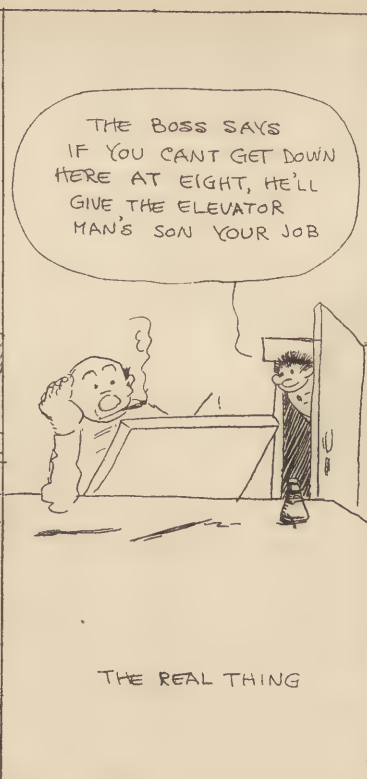
YES, HERMAN; THERE IS ONLY ONE SANTA CLAUS TO DISTRIBUTE ALL THE PRESENTS AMONG THE LITTLE CHILDREN



IT MUST KEEP YOU VERY BUSY DELIVERING THINGS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY



THAT'S RIGHT HERMAN — NEVER DOUBT YOUR MOTHER'S WORD



A LITTLE INSIDE INFORMATION

I'm Just as Good as I Ever Was

The keeper took me by the arm,
And showed me through the place;
A vacant look was deeply stamped
Upon each vacant face.
He led me to the sporting ward;
The nuts were crowded there,
And every boob seemed happy, though
It filled me with despair.

"The one in number seventeen,"
Said the keeper, "used to be
The champion lightweight of the world;
His name is Spike McGee."
I looked into his homely face
And heard the poor nut say,
"I'm just as good as I ever was,"
And we hastened on our way.

"That wild-eyed boob in number four,"
The good old keeper said,
"Was fast and rugged years ago;
He used to knock 'em dead."
The poor simp mumbled to himself,
But this is all I heard;
I'm just as good as I ever was,"
I hung on every word.

And farther down the daffy hall,
The keeper pointed out
A man who wrestled o'er the world,
And never lost a bout.
I gazed upon that shrunken rum,
A tear dropped from my eye;
"I'm just as good as I ever was,"
He said — I saw him die.

And still the keeper led me on,
Right through the boobyhatch;
"That's Bughouse Bill upon your left,
He never found his match."
I offered Bill my hand right there;
He didn't seem to see —
"I'm just as good as I ever was."
He mumbled unto me.

We met a million dippy guys,
All champions in their day;
I couldn't look upon them all —
I turned my face away.
In tennis, boxing, wrestling, golf,
Each man once did excel —
"I'm just as good as I ever was."
They gave their college yell.

One thought he was a custard pie;
One said, "I'm General Lee";
One more said, "I'm a scrambled egg";
One said, "I'm just a flea."
But though each man was off his nut
He knew enough to say,
"I'm just as good as I ever was;
I'm feeling great to-day."

I fled in terror from the place,
My bosom throbbled with pain
I envied all those lunatics —
It's great to be insane.





IT'S A SHAME TO DESTROY THIS OLD LANDMARK



I'LL THROW A LITTLE CRANBERRY SAUCE DOWN TO FIRST IN A MINUTE

HOW FATHER CAN PROTECT HIMSELF AGAINST SERIOUS INJURY WHILE CARVING THE TURKEY.

THE HOUSE WIFE SHOULD ALWAYS TAKE A CATCHER'S MITT TO THE TABLE WITH HER WHEN HUSBAND DOES THE CARVING.



DO YOU NEED A SURVEYING INSTRUMENT?

WHAT'S THIS - A LECTURE ON SURGERY OR A SQUARE MEAL?

"INSERT THE FORK IN THE LEFT OSSIMBOGUS AND CUT AT AN ANGLE OF 45 DEGREES ALONG THE PLURA DINGUS TO THE FULHAGUMP OF THE RIGHT WING"

THERE OUGHT TO BE A PILE OF MONEY IN A BOOK ON CARVING

THANKS DEAR - YOUR DELIVERY IS PERFECT

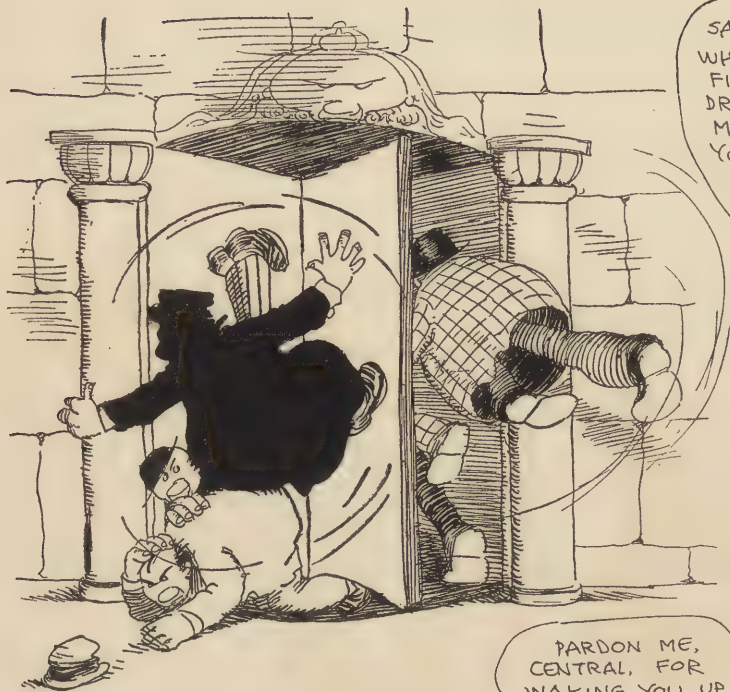
IT IS PATTERNED AFTER THE RENAISSANCE WITH A TOUCH OF THE NAPOLEONIC

IT LOOKS MORE LIKE THE SPLASHONIC



DESIGN FOR DINING-ROOM WALL PAPER SO GRAVY SPOTS WON'T SHOW.

SURE, CARVING IS A SCIENCE JUST LIKE SURGERY AND PLUMBING



IF YOU ARE AN ACROBAT, YOU MAY POSSIBLY GET THROUGH ONE OF THOSE MODERN REVOLVING DOORS WITHOUT BEING MORTALLY WOUNDED.

SAY, NEIGHBOR WHEN YOU FINISH DRINKING OUR MILK, I WISH YOU WOULD RETURN THE CAN

PARDON ME, CENTRAL, FOR WAKING YOU UP



ANOTHER CONVENIENCE

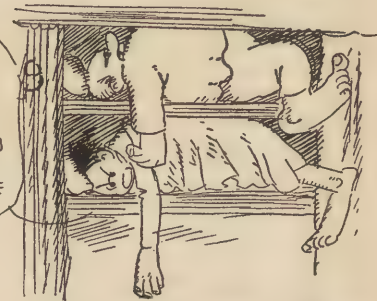


YOU WILL FIND MY WATCH IN THE LOWER LEFT-HAND VEST POCKET

THIS OUGHT TO FIT MY FATHER

AND THE HAT BOY IS SUPPOSED TO MAKE LIFE MORE ENJOYABLE.

I WISH I HAD SOME POISON TO TAKE



OUR GREAT GREAT GRAND-FATHERS NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO ENJOY THE PULLMAN CAR COMFORT

THE DUMB-WAITER, IS ANOTHER GREAT MONUMENT TO THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION

OH, YES, CIVILIZATION HAS MADE LIFE REALLY WORTH WHILE

FELLOW VOTERS, IF YOU ELECT THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE THE FOUNDATION OF THE CONSTITUTION WILL BE SWEEP AWAY AND THE COUNTRY PLUNGED INTO RUIN AND DECAY



BEFORE EVERY ELECTION THIS OZONE-TOSSER MAKES ENOUGH TERRIBLE PREDICTIONS TO SCARE THE WHISKERS OFF A MAN'S FACE -

MY FRIENDS, EVERY VOTE FOR THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE IS A NAIL IN THE COFFIN OF NATIONAL STABILITY



AND THIS AIR-SHOOTER PAINTS A WORD PICTURE AWFUL ENOUGH TO MAKE A VOTER AFRAID TO BE ALONE WITH HIMSELF -

IF YOU ELECT THE FUSION CANDIDATE YOU TAKE THE TOOLS OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE WORKINGMAN AND THE BREAD OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS



AND THIS CHIN-MUSICIAN FRIGHTENS THOUSANDS OF BOOBS INTO THE UNDERTAKING PARLOR -

THE ELECTION OF THE SOCIALIST CANDIDATE WOULD MEAN DISGRACE TO THE NAMES OF OUR FOREFATHERS AND DESTRUCTION TO ENTERPRISE AND BUSINESS INTEGRITY



AND THIS WIND-JAMMER GIVES HIS LISTENERS THE JIM-JAMS AND THE WILLIES -



BUT STILL, AFTER EACH ELECTION, WE ARE ABLE TO SMILE AND HAVE OUR TROUSERS PRESSED AND EAT REGULAR FOOD AND CARRY A GOLD WATCH AND LOOK AT BUILDINGS AND GET SHAVED - SO WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE !

THE POLITICAL SCARECROWS



1.



2.



3.



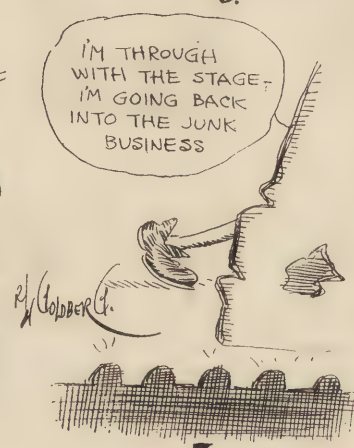
4.



5.



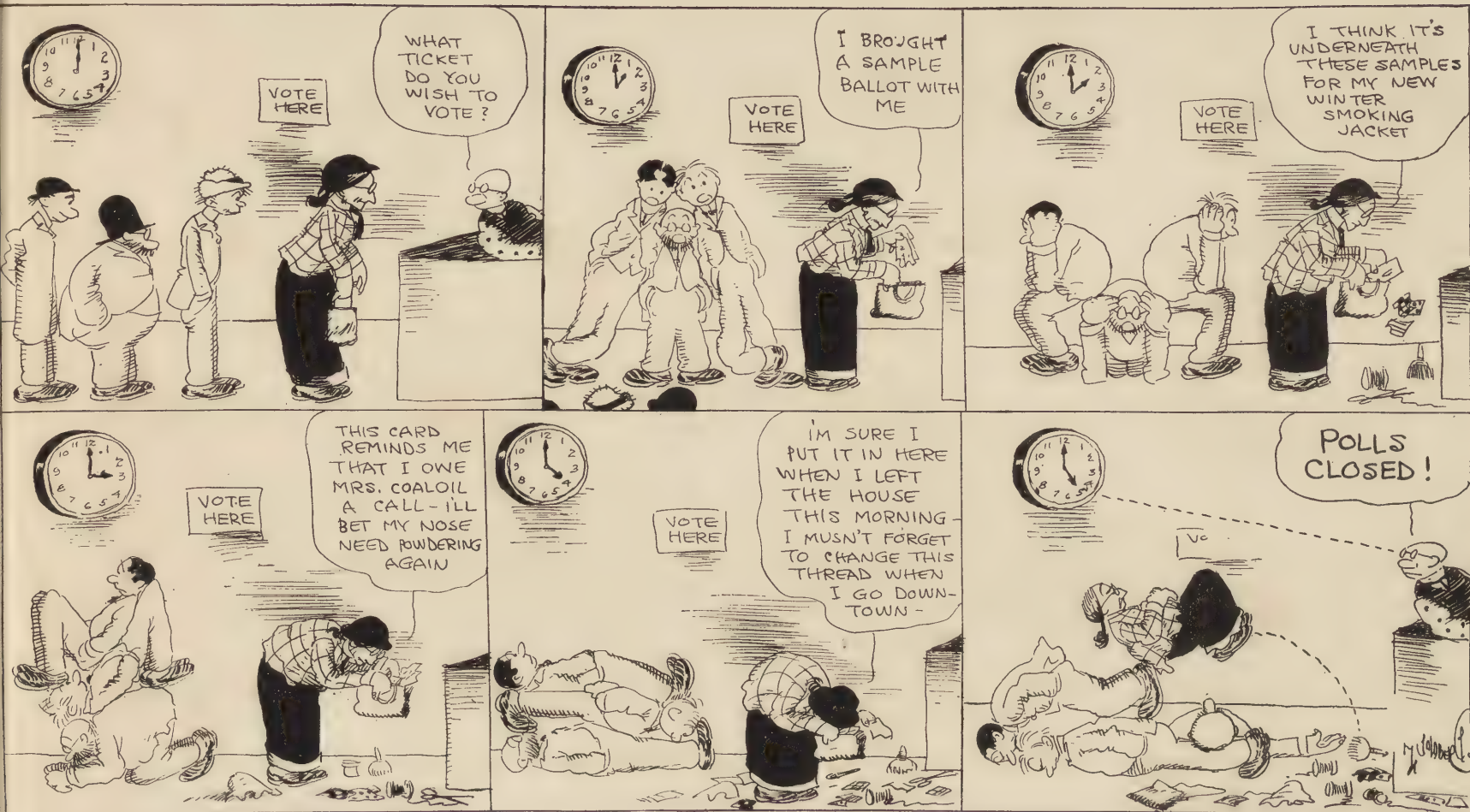
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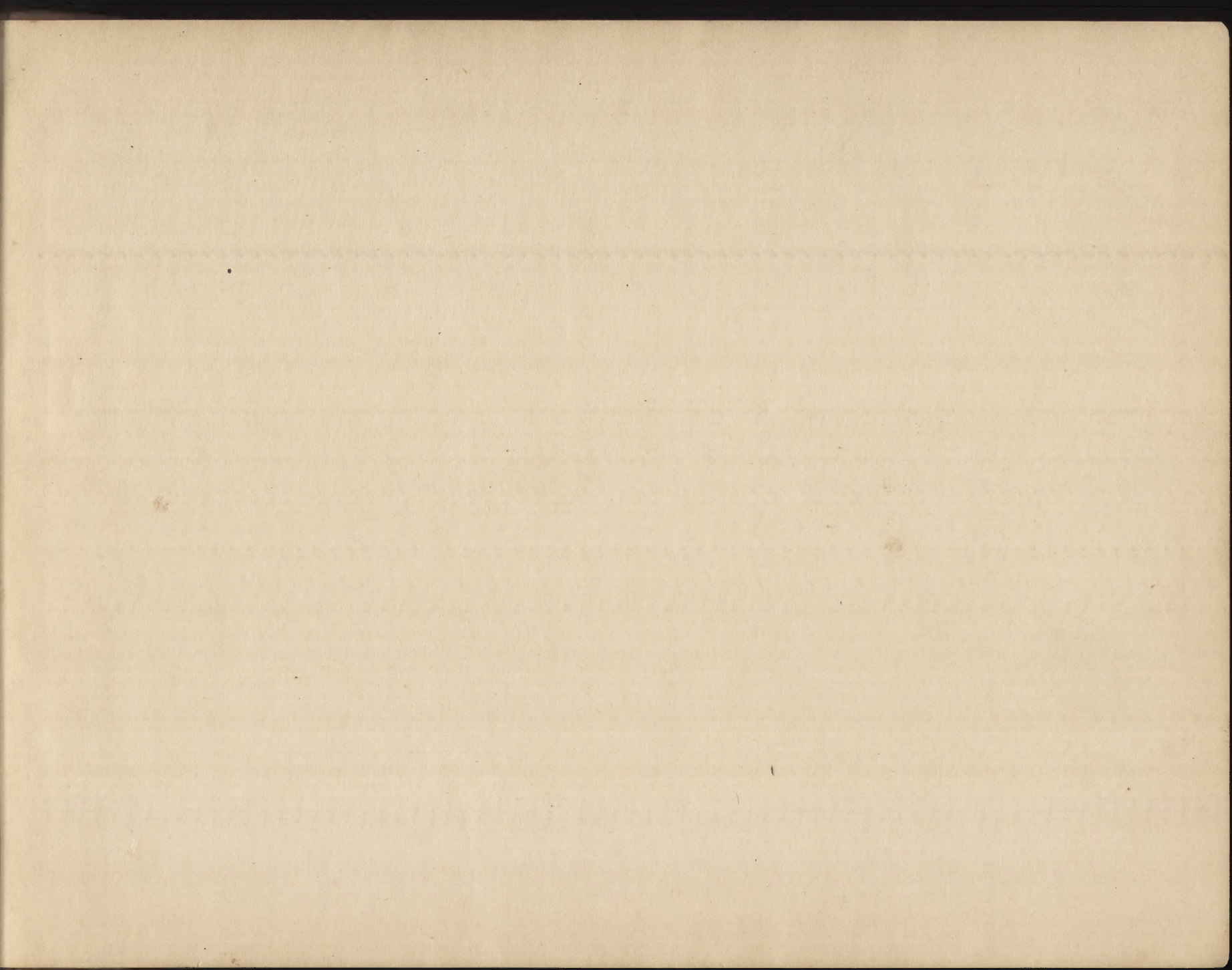
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